SATURDAY NIGHT

OCTOBER 4, 1952 10 CENTS

Our Dollar Is Too High

by B. K. Sandwell

IT SEEMS to be a general assumption in Canada that the Canadian dollar cannot possibly be too high for our own good. But whether or not it is a general assumption, it is completely and disastrously wrong. The Canadian dollar is at the present moment much too high for the good of Canada, and it is time that somebody did something about it, just as we did something quite vigorously when there was a danger of the Canadian dollar getting much too low. In those days the Canadian government went to enormous trouble to prevent the Canadian dollar from going too low. Today it is not doing a thing to prevent it from going too high. I suspect that the government itself thinks that it cannot go too high. In that case the government is completely wrong. It is possible for governments to be wrong; and the Canadian dollar is already much too high.

Canada is a small country, and the exchange rate of its currency has little or no influence on the world price—which is not determined in Canadian dollars—of the articles which it exports: wheat, paper, nickel, meats, aluminum, fish and so on. That world price is fixed in U.S. dollars; for some of these things it is fixed, in U.S. dollars, by agreements running a long way into the future. When the value of the U.S. dollar goes down in terms of Canadian money—when the U.S. dollar will buy only 96 cents Canadian—the Canadian producer for export gets that much less Canadian money for the things he exports.

THE Canadian producer for export is the most important thing in the Canadian economy. For several years past it has taken all that the Canadian producer for export could do, just to enable Canada to pay her external obligations and to buy the minimum of foreign goods without which we cannot comfortably get along. And at that he was only able to do it because the Canadian Government sat tight on the exchange controls and kept our foreign purchases down to a minimum. Yet today the Canadian producer for export is being sacrificed because of a sudden and extraordinary demand by American investors for Canadians securities.

To buy Canadian securities the American investor must first buy Canadian dollars. The demand for these dollars is enormous in relation to the size of the Canadian market, but it is not especially surprising in relation to the country from which the demand proceeds—a country with perhaps twenty times the wealth of Canada, and with a long-established habit of rushing into things on a big scale.

This rush of the American investor for Canadian dollars has not changed in the least the American price of pounds sterling or Italian lire, but because it has lowered the American dollar in Canada it has lowered also, in terms of Canadian dollars, the money of every other country to which Can-

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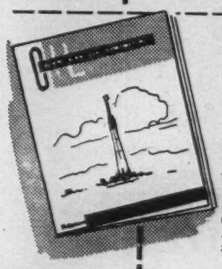

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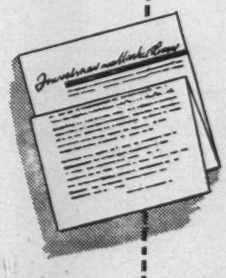

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OTTAWA VIEW

Contradictions on Immigration

by Michael Barkway

WHEN you see a man sneaking into an empty house on a dark night with furtive glances over his shoulder, it is reasonable to suppose that his intentions are not good. When you see a Government enforcing one policy and loudly proclaiming the opposite, it is surely not unreasonable to suppose that it is ashamed of what it is doing. If the Government is not ashamed of its restrictions on immigration, I cannot conceive why it is so furtive about them.

The astonishing spectacle started with Walter Harris's statement to the House of Commons on the last day of the parliamentary session. Proudly asserting that "we must have faith in our country and the opportunity it will offer to those prepared to work", he tabled a partial list of the new immigration regulations ensuring that most of the Europeans who want to work here shall not be given the opportunity.

The contradiction between profession and performance has grown wider with each succeeding Government statement. Prime Minister St. Laurent has been stumping the country proclaiming that Canada will have a population of 35 million by the end of the century. Walter Harris, the Minister directly responsible, is presumably more acutely aware of what the Government is actually doing. His prophecy (at London) was a lot more cautious. He forecast 25 million "in the foreseeable future"—a phrase which surely would have delighted Mackenzie King. Deference for his boss, or a misguided attempt to paper over the party's cracks, led to a modified prophecy in a later speech at Montreal. It then became "25 to 35 million people before the end of the century".

The curious contradiction reached a laughable culmination in the official release on immigration in July. July—as Harris had prophesied—showed the first results of the restrictions he introduced earlier in the year. The number of new arrivals was 15 per cent less than July of last year. Their origins were even more drastically changed. The proportion of immigrants from Britain continued the marked increase which started last winter. Last year they were 15 per cent of the total. In the first five months of 1952 they were 23 per cent. In July they were more than 28 per cent.

The change between this July and July last year was even more marked. British immigrants increased by 36 per cent. Netherlands increased by 50 per cent. From all other countries of northern Europe — which includes France, Germany, Switzerland and Scandinavia—they declined by 50 per cent. The decline from all other races was also of the order of 50 per cent.

In other words Harris's department has achieved exactly what he told it to do. It has cut down the total. It has also shifted the balance decisively in favor of the British and the Dutch, and against the rest. You would think it deserved a cheer, or at least a pat on the back, for doing just what the Minister told it to do. You would even expect the Government to tell the public how clever it is. On the contrary, Harris's announcement of the July figures made a remarkably successful effort to conceal the achievement. You may attribute this furtiveness to modesty. But it has not been the habit of this or any other government to do good by stealth.

The official release giving the July figures was most ingenious in the way it concealed the drastic reversal of policy of which the figures show the effect. You may judge how ingenious it was from the newspapers. Nearly all of them followed the official lead

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"MY BANK"
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EDITORIALS

Political Lesson In N.B. Election

WHENEVER a government seeks re-election on an issue of prejudice—be it race, class or religious—we hope that it will suffer the fate the McNair Government has just suffered in New Brunswick. The Government believed that in a province where organized labor is very much in the minority, it could raise its flag against labor and win the election.

The Opposition refused the challenge. It fought the election on the McNair record and never mentioned recognition of an international union as bargaining agents for the provincial electrical workers, which was the Premier's official issue. The Government was saving money for the farmers and for every power user by holding down the demands of labor for higher wages.

The Liberals had been 17 years in office. Defeat might have been coming to the Government anyway. But Mr. McNair has provided a lesson which will not be lost on other political leaders. We don't think anyone else will ever try to whip one section of the community as a means of getting votes from the other sections.

The Churches' Place

WE wonder why it is that when the protestant churches meet in synod or council they seem to spend such a long time debating questions which are not their concern and passing resolutions on subjects on which they have no mandate to speak.

The mission of a Christian church is indubitably to make pronouncements with all the authority it can muster on questions of faith and morals. It sometimes seems that the modern Canadian churches are too much concerned with morals and too little with faith, but they are still within their proper territory if they confine themselves to moral questions. This definition, clearly, must include social as well as personal sin. We firmly uphold the churches' duty to pass judgment upon social conditions. But in so doing Christian spokesmen must be very careful to be sure that they are making moral judgments and not uttering political opinions for which they have no greater qualification than the Elks or the Lions or the Buffaloes.

The recent synods of the Anglican and United churches have left some doubt as to whether either of them is quite clear where the dividing line comes.

A good example of a subject which should never have been considered was the Anglican resolution in favor of increased British immigration into Canada. The resolution was wrong, first, because no moral issue is involved; second because its only possible implication is that the Anglican community is passing judgment upon the acceptability of immigrants on the basis of their nationality, which should be no concern of a Christian church.

The state has to make such judgments on a political basis, but the church has no business to turn them into moral questions.

If the resolution was wrong it was also imprudent. Clinging as it does to the archaic title "Church of England in Canada", the Anglican communion is already suspect in some quarters as being a sort of "English mission" in Canada. It cannot perform its true religious duty unless it rids itself of the preoccupation with racial origins which is suggested by the synod resolution.

Take It Easy, Boys — You've Lost Your Audience!

Cabinet Secretary

IT WAS inevitable that the opposition press should take up the unexplained presence of Mr. J. W. Pickersgill on the Prime Minister's recent political tour of the West. On previous election campaigns, both with Mr. King and in 1949 with Mr. St. Laurent, Mr. Pickersgill was a blend of speech-writer, campaign manager and political organizer to the Prime Minister. Since the official job for which he was paid the equivalent of a deputy minister's salary was "Special Assistant to the Prime Minister", it was presumably nobody's business except the Prime Minister's what kind of assisting he did.

But this year Mr. Pickersgill is Clerk to the Privy Council and Secretary to the Cabinet. The opposition case, as reasonably argued in *The Ottawa Journal*, is that the occupant of this post should be able to serve governments of any party with equal loyalty. He cannot be presumed to do so if he indulges in openly political activities.

Whatever the interpretation which may be put on this particular incident, it is a significant one. The Liberal Government seems to have great difficulty distinguishing between the party's interest and the national interest. In the frame of mind which seems to prevail in Ottawa to-day it is entirely natural for a political assistant to the Prime Minister to transfer to one of the highest offices in the civil service.

This attitude is so deeply ingrained that the Government resents its being questioned. No Liberal minister, least of all the Prime Minister, would dream of saying *"L'état, c'est moi"*. But if you read "the Liberal party" instead of *"moi"* most of them are apparently ready to believe it.

The British Export Drive

BRIGADIER H. R. Mackeson, the Secretary of Overseas Trade in Mr. Churchill's administration, is now touring Canada and visiting the British Trade Commissioners. We hope he regards his tour as a counterpart to the official talks about sterling now going on in London. The Canadian attitude at those talks should finally dispel the suspicion that this country feels "detached" from the sterling area's worries. It is up to Brigadier Mackeson to give us a comparable assurance that the British drive for sales in this market is not a matter of speeches but of really determined salesmanship.

The Secretary of Overseas Trade, a successful businessman himself, should be sure of getting away from his officials long enough to discover the

widespread scepticism of Canadians about this "dollar-export drive". If he does, he will find both among government officials and among senior businessmen a good deal of disappointment at the gap between the official policy and the practical results. In certain commodities—automobiles are perhaps the most obvious—the results of vigorous and well-planned promotion are already obvious in every province. There is ample evidence to show what can be done.

To correct what is wrong may take a major change in British attitudes. But one thing Brigadier Mackeson should do at once before he leaves this country. He should issue an order that no British official shall ever try to persuade Canadians to buy British goods "in order to help Britain". This attitude is inherently defeatist, and it contains an implicit assumption that the goods are not worth buying for their own sake.

Ducks in a Radar World

DUCK HUNTERS on the prairies have never had it so good. Ducks are plentiful and they are fat, because, to the consternation of the farmers, they have been helping themselves to standing grain. B. W. Cartwright, chief naturalist for Ducks Unlimited, made a prairie survey of wildfowl populations and reported that this year's hatch was "terrific". What he meant was an overall increase in the brood average of 8 per cent and with some types, like canvasbacks, even higher. Ducks Unlimited and governments have been following aggressive conservation programs and these, in part, have brought the bumper crop of ducks. But more responsible than conservation has been the wet cycle following the 8-year drought.

But ducks this year seem to be a sporting lot; they seem anxious to provide hunters with plump prizes and what they get from the sloughs hasn't sufficed. They are helping themselves to the grain fields. For the farmers who fought rats and field mice last winter, who both harvested and planted crops within a period of days this spring, and who have a record grain yield now almost in their grasp, this duck business is just too much.

At first the idea was that pre-season shooting should be shooting-to-scare, that the sound would scare off marauders and leave real targets for the hunters. But this hasn't worked out. The ducks weren't bothered—or weren't bothered enough—by explosion noise and continued to stuff themselves. So in the Kindersley area of Saskatchewan they tried a two-ton siren driven by a 180-horsepower motor screeching middle C so loud it could be heard four miles distant. This does scare ducks away; in fact, so frightens them that they will not feed for days. The trouble with the siren is that the operators and farmers within earshot don't feel much like eating either.

With them *The Winnipeg Tribune* sympathizes, and recalls that tests some years ago showed that flocks of ducks could be diverted from their course by radar. "If each afflicted farmer were provided with a radar set," says the paper with a fine eye to science, economics and (let's not forget the hunter) sport, "the flocks might be diverted from the grain fields by armchair control."

Sculptors & Internationalism

AMONG the most active guardians of Canadian culture are the members of the Sculptors Society of Canada. Though the members are engaged in a field of endeavor that is of necessity solitary and painstaking—all members are professional sculptors who make at least part of their livelihood from their art—they have nevertheless banded together to promote vigorously the very best in what is essentially a public art. Their biggest task is to encourage the profession in the public eye and to give advice both to the Government and to private citizens on the decoration of public buildings, monuments, etc.: everywhere where stonework plays its part in enhancing the Canadian scene.

By no means secondary are the Society's efforts to encourage the exhibition of Canadian sculpture

—Peggy Todd

MISS PAULINE REDSELL S.S.C.

abroad—and anyone who saw Louis Archimbault's contribution to the Festival of Britain on display in Battersea Park knows how dignified, how justified and how worthy that ambition is. So active has been the Society that this year their constant efforts to participate in an international society seems likely to be eminently successful.

When the First International Council of the Visual Arts met in Venice last week under the auspices of UNESCO, the Society was represented by one of its best known and most gifted members, Miss Pauline Redsell of Toronto. As the delegate of the Sculptors Society and of the Canadian Arts Council jointly Miss Redsell is accompanied by Mme. Jeanne Rheaume, Montreal painter, and Mr. Rene Thibault, Quebec sculptor, both representing the Canadian Arts Council.

Miss Redsell is widely known chiefly through her industrial, commercial and monument work and her most publicized commercial venture is the sculptured decor of the Jasper Room in the Chateau Laurier.

Desuetude and "Dominion"

TOM TAYLOR, writer of an influential column in the Victoria *Colonist*, takes exception to the argument recently used in these columns by the Editor Emeritus of SATURDAY NIGHT, that the term "Dominion" is unsuitable for the present independent nationhood of Canada, and was suitable in 1867 only because of the continued colonial status of the country. Mr. Taylor holds that on the going into effect of the BNA Act "Canada ceased to be a colony. She became a self-governing nation, even if only partially so".

Mr. Taylor seems to have overlooked the fact that the whole legislative power of the newly-formed "Dominion"—the word has acquired by usage a connotation which exactly suits the kind of entity that Canada then was, and that is the reason why it no longer suits the kind of entity that Canada now is—was subject to the reservation and veto power of the Westminster government, and that that power was actually used several times in the early years of the Dominion's life. To say that a community whose domestic legislation is subject to veto by another community is not a colony is surely straining language to its uttermost. It was the gradual desuetude of the veto which, more than anything else, made Canada a nation and made possible the exercise by the Canadian government of many powers which a vetoing authority would certainly have prohibited. The veto power, like the word "Dominion", is still in the British North America Act, but by general consent it has no business there and is completely outmoded.

One can understand a certain clinging to ancient terms by a newspaper which still appears under the title of *The Colonist*, and one can readily admit that to change it "would depreciate the intimate values built up through the years between the paper and its subscribers". That, of course is also the reason why SATURDAY NIGHT continues to call itself SATURDAY NIGHT, as Mr. Taylor rightly points out. (We have always felt a little sorry for *The Nineteenth Century*, whose founders clearly did not foresee the long career that lay before their nurseling.) But these are titles, the subject of registered and recognized property rights, the focus of a valuable goodwill. "Dominion" is no part of the title of Canada. Canada is "*a* Dominion under the name of Canada".

The Harry Cassidy Fund

THE PERSONALITY of Harry M. Cassidy, which in a short lifetime (he died at 51) impressed itself on thousands of friends of social welfare in many parts of Canada and the United States, was of the kind which inevitably expresses itself in organized action. It was his profound conviction that welfare work unaccompanied by expert and up-to-date knowledge is in danger of becoming not only wasteful but actually detrimental, and in all the various responsible posts which led him ultimately to the headship of the School of Social Work at the University of Toronto this was the idea which he constantly stressed, and which he put into operation wherever he found himself.

It is therefore fitting that the memorial to him should take the form of a Research Fund for the pursuit of exactly this sort of knowledge and to be administered by his own School. The work of Harry M. Cassidy will thus be carried on long after his death by the Harry M. Cassidy Fund, whose objective is $200,000. Its formation is the concern of one of the most representative committees ever formed for such a purpose in Canada, a committee headed by Dr. A. E. Grauer, president of the British Columbia Electric, in whose territory Dr. Cassidy did much of his most original and successful work.

This is an undertaking which deserves to be supported both out of regard for the memory of a great and devoted Canadian and out of a desire that welfare work in Canada should be as effective as it is possible to make it.

RE-EXAMINATION

Behind Religious Experiences

by B. K. Sandwell

A GOOD many religious people are roused to hostility by the ideas involved in the title of L. W. Grensted's book, "The Psychology of Religion," one of the latest volumes of the Home University Library (Oxford $1.50). Psychology is a science, and religion is the relationship of Man with God, and if that relationship is considered as being largely conditioned by a revelation made by God of Himself in a book or a church formulary or an ecclesiastical institution, it cannot properly be brought under the scouting of any science. On the other hand, up to a certain point religion is an operation of the human psyche, and as such is certainly open to scientific examination.

The act of prayer, for example, has motives and methods, and these can properly be inquired into; the response of God to prayer does not "abide our question", for God, being Infinite, is beyond the reach of scientific investigation. The sense of assurance of that response is, however, again a psychological phenomenon, and we cannot tell the scientist to "get out" when he starts to inquire into it.

Religion on its human side is largely a matter of groups. Most of its activity, both in Christianity and in other worships, takes place in groups, and the greatly lessened importance of the group (the parish and the Church) in the Protestant world of today is a recent phenomenon closely interwoven with the increased individualism which stems from Rousseau. Psychology itself—in its modern form a post-Rousseau science — has been concerned almost wholly with the individual, and its recent attention to crowd-psychology is of no value here because any religious body is the very opposite of a crowd. The crowd degrades the individual who is a member; the religious body elevates him.

THERE is, however, a considerable amount of group - psychology, largely based on Freud, which is of value for the study of the organized Christian church and its special, not to say unique, relation to its members, and this is admirably discussed by Grensted in his chapter on "Corporate Religion".

"Conversion" is a psychological experience which can be, and therefore must be, scientifically observed. There are a great many accounts by those who have experienced it, and they agree in assigning to it a powerful sense of contact, or of oneness, with an infinite and beneficent Power. The "reality" of that Power is a matter of faith, not of scientific inquiry. The study of conversion does not appear to have advanced far beyond the point reached over 50 years ago by William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," though Freud, if he had not insisted on regarding all experience of contact with God as illusory, would have afforded some helpful suggestions.

PERHAPS the most valuable thing in this little book is the closing advice, in the bibliography, to go to the first-hand accounts of religious experience written by the great saints of Christianity and the seers of Judaism, Hinduism, Stoicism and the mystery religions, rather than spend too much time on "an overconscientious exploration of further textbooks." This advice implies a considerable knowledge of general psychology, but that is something which every serious student of religion should possess.

A curious little book by a Canadian writer was published a year or two ago by an American house and is now available through Burns and MacEachern. This is "Let There Be Light" by Irene Roberts, a native of Gaspé ($3.25). It is written in the somewhat difficult form of letters to various persons, including a bishop of the Church of England, whom the author tries to convert to her belief that the doctrine of the sinlessness of Jesus is an error. (The bishop's reply was scarcely worthy of his high office!) Miss Roberts (she is now married, to a clergyman) comes to exactly the same conclusion as Grensted, who ends his book with the statement: "True worship can be offered to God as Odin or Zeus, Brahma or Jehovah, but the truth of that worship is only made plain when the names and the fantasies which they represent fall away, and the final formula of faith is 'God is Love'."

Miss Roberts has a vision. She sees science and the arts returning to a great Mother Church broad enough to hold them and strong enough in faith to inspire and direct them—the thinking of the human race once more unified as in the great days of Christendom, but with far less dogma and far more spiritual insight. Whether the way to that vision is by overthrowing the very metaphysical doctrine of the Trinity is a question. And it will surely be hard to persuade the bishops that "we need no Bishops."

Financing Canadian Industry

The increasingly competitive nature of today's markets often requires new and improved methods of industrial production.

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CANADA
DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

and headlined "Higher Immigration This Year Than Last".

This was accomplished by one simple paragraph, which opened Harris's official announcement:

"Immigration to Canada during the month of July totalled 16,687 the Honourable Walter Harris, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, announced to-day. This brought the total of immigration for the first seven months of the year to 114,744, as compared with 99,421 for the first seven months of 1951."

This was the simple and effective distortion. July's significant change was smothered in seven months' figures. July immigration was down, as the Minister intended it to be. It was down even more in August; and will continue to drop—not by act of God but by ministerial order. But the official release, which most newspapers swallowed whole, said that it was up.

The one point of significance to which the Minister permitted himself to draw attention was the large increase in the proportion of dependents to workers in the new arrivals. In July dependents outnumbered workers, whereas they had been running about four to six. But he still refused to acknowledge that this was another result of his department's deliberate contrivance. Such modesty is so unusual, and so contrary to a government's natural tendency, that it must excite some speculation.

Everyone knows, of course, that immigration is a ticklish subject. It has been so for a long time. The labor congresses have not yet entirely grown out of the naïve belief that every new worker "takes a job from" a Canadian trade unionist. Since trade unions are still allowed to get away with restrictive practices which neither public opinion nor the law would tolerate in the business world, the Government must take account of their attitude. In fact it is doing so; the mysterious thing is that it will not admit it. Apparently it hopes to satisfy the unions by its actions and the more clear-sighted part of the public by its words. This seems a considerable gamble on the public gullibility.

It is fairly clear how the Government would defend its 1952 immigration policy. Harris would say that he has no doubt that continued immigration is essential to Canada. This is the justification for the high-sounding speeches. But he would say that too much immigration, aggravating seasonal unemployment, would stir up public opposition, and therefore make it more difficult to maintain an immigration policy. This is the justification for the restrictions.

Such a case is intelligible. It would be interesting to hear it argued. But before the Government can start defending its case it has to admit its reversal of policy, which it has not yet done. And the high-sounding professions have made this a little difficult. "You cannot run an immigration program," said Walter Harris, "on a stop-and-go basis." But this is exactly what he is doing. The attempt to get the best of both worlds by saying one thing and doing another is making it harder and harder for the Government to be frank about its immigration policy.

CANADA BUILDS

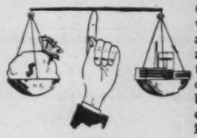
HOW THE ARCHITECT HELPS INDUSTRY BUILD BETTER

By JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, M.R.A.I.C.

BIG WINDOW VS. SAWTOOTHS

Large window in combination with fluorescent lighting may be used by architect in preference to sawtooth windows on roof. It's another instance of how he contributes to progressive design, gives value for his modest fee. Architect relates window construction to heating and specifies the right heating equipment.

SCALES MUST BALANCE



Costs must be weighed by architect, balanced against the best value obtainable in building. True economy lies in quality construction. It costs less for operation and maintenance over the years.

SECOND STOREY WASHROOM

Architect's efforts to utilize space, cut costs, often lead to unusual design features. Here a second storey washroom has been located over an area requiring less headroom than the rest of the plant, saving money as compared with adding a separate structure to the main building.

MAKES ONE HEATER DO WORK OF TWO

Slight adjustment of blades of horizontal diffuser, used with unit heater, meets changed or special requirements. Architect specifies diffusers where shifts in equipment or personnel are anticipated or where a heater must blanket a doorway and at same time do a good space heating job.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS . . .

Valuable points to check whenever industrial expansion is planned. It is made available through the cooperation of the Ontario Association of Architects and the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario. You will find the information of real assistance. Copies are available upon request without obligation from

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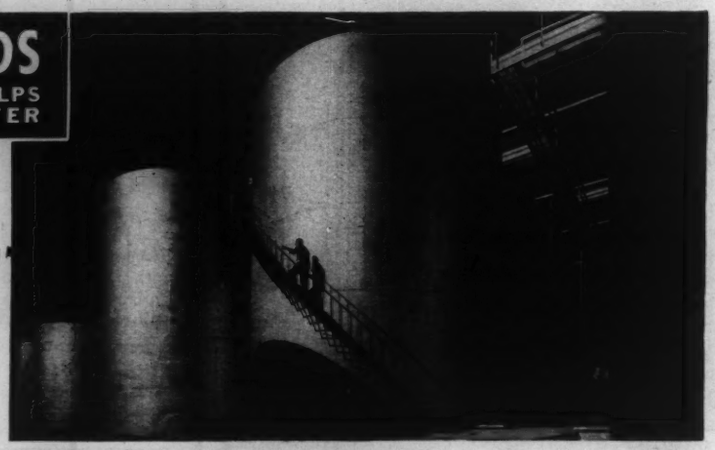

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MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA DIRECTOR

J. A. CLARK, C.M.G., D.S.O., Q.C., LL.D., a member of the firm of Clark, Wilson, White, Clark & Maguire, Vancouver, B.C., has joined the Board of Directors of The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, filling the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. W. G. Murrin.

—Miller

COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS' CONFERENCE

Where Sterling's Doctors Differ

by Rodney Grey

London.

THE NOVEMBER Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference seems to be regarded by the British Government as something like a family pow-wow in time of crisis. It may do some good and is unlikely to do harm. Everyone in the family—except one—has been issuing cheques a bit recklessly. A family meeting, where everyone can tell everyone else that this has got to stop, may improve morale. The one apparently well-heeled member from across the Atlantic is expected to take a strong line. That is about how the Conference looks from London.

There are some deep divergencies of opinion in England—among professional economists, newspaper editors and MP's—about what can and should be done about the sterling crisis. Neither the Conservative Party nor the Conservative Government is of one mind about the diagnosis or the prescription.

Some Conservative MP's maintain that the chronic sterling crisis is due to continuing inflation in many parts of the sterling area. To start with, they believe the supply of money must be cut. They argue that if the sterling area takes in sail, dollars from Canada and the United States will be invested in the sterling area. They would want American aid only to help carry the arms burden that might prove beyond the capacity of the British economy.

Conservatives who take this line—they are generally economic liberals—hardly form a cohesive group. They look to Winston Churchill and Lord Cherwell for leadership. They do not trust R. A. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is much concerned with maintaining party machinery and is inclined to a sort of heavy-handed Tory paternalism.

Naturally these economic liberals don't expect much to come out of the Conference except a statement of platitudes. If the Canadians take a strong line, emphasizing that the sterling area countries must trim their economies, so much the better. It may be that the Australians and New Zealanders and the rupee countries will listen to the Canadians more carefully than they would to the British.

A quite different group of Conservative MP's look for more positive plans to come from the Conference. One measure they advocate is the organizing of long-term commodity deals with the United States. The wild swings in sterling area commodity prices (particularly of rubber, tin and wool) have been a real difficulty since Korea. Whatever the merits of commodity deals in the abstract, it is obviously going to be pretty difficult to work out a contract that will satisfy, for example, the Americans and the Malayan tin producers.

Most collectivist MP's to be found on both sides of the House of Commons think that the American and Canadian Governments should be persuaded to invest more money in the sterling countries and that private investment can be "persuaded" to follow suit. The Canadian view, the view that North American investment will flow quite naturally into the sterling countries when they steady their economies and create a prospect of converting earnings, is probably getting less of a hearing than ever in Britain.

IT IS widely believed in the financial district and in Whitehall that after the PM's Conference, when these measures may be discussed, an approach will be made to Washington. In what form these proposals are made will depend a great deal on how strongly the Canadian view is maintained at the Conference. The Americans have given many assurances, public and private, that they will go a long way to help, but only if and when the right internal measures are taken.

Another panacea being advocated is greater Imperial Preference. Canadian opposition to giving more preference to British goods, which would mean raising tariffs on goods coming in from other countries, is recognized in official Whitehall. It is less well known among the industrialists and politicians who are loudly in favor of cashing in on imperial sentiment. In the House of Commons there are about 40 Conservative MP's who are known for their strong views on Empire tariffs.

The unofficial lobby for Imperial Preference is the Empire Industries Association. The Association says that tariffs between all British countries ought to give a preference to Empire goods "because we are all part of the same concern", as its Secretary told me. It has been fairly obvious to outside observers that tariffs within the Empire and the Comonwealth have been receiving more attention in Britain because of the modest recession in consumer goods. In Lancashire out-of-work textile workers have been urged to come to public meetings, the theme of which has been "Save Lancashire Through the Empire".

Until very recently it was thought here that Imperial Preference was going to be a major subject of discussion at the Commonwealth Conference. Mr. Butler had given the lead himself by a brief reference during the last economic debate. But it appears now that the Conservative MP's who oppose discriminatory tariffs and import controls have been able to make their views heard. The Government is now less likely to give in to the highly organized group of Imperial Preference supporters.

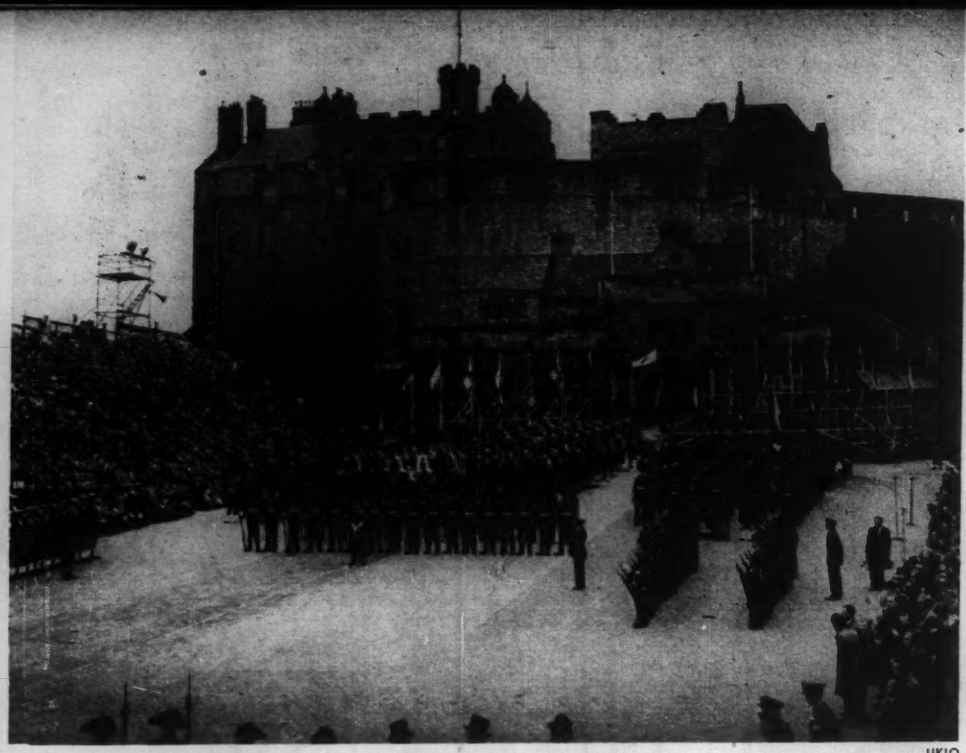
BUT ON BOTH sides of the House there are backbenchers who would like to see tariffs used to keep European, Japanese and American goods out of the Commonwealth. They would like, for example, to see British manufacturers given a greater preference in the Canadian market. Beyond that, there are few specific tariff proposals to be heard. The Empire Industries Association told me that Canadian producers had been treated abominably by the British Labor Government. They emphasized that with the postwar sellers' market and with the dollar shortage, tariffs have not been very important. But the General Agreements on Tariffs and Trade, which restricts the use of discriminatory tariffs, is bitterly resented by this influential minority here.

The extremists see it as an attempt of American business to force American goods into every country. Both Laborites and Conservatives argue for tariff protection and agree in their estimate of the motives and methods of American business men. They use language only slightly less extravagant in temper, but little different in content, from that of the local Communists. But for the moment this view is a minority view in Britain. The present administration is still prepared to support GATT.

It is against these currents of opinion at Westminster that the agenda is being hammered out in the meeting of officials which began on Sept. 22.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

RODNEY GREY, *formerly with* SATURDAY NIGHT, *is a staff member of* Manchester Guardian.



—UKIO

EDINBURGH CASTLE looms above the Esplanade where the colorful opening ceremonies of this year's Edinburgh Festival took place. The ceremony included the unfurling of the flags of 44 friendly nations.

MUSIC AND THE SUMMER

Why Not Canadian Festivals?

by Sir Ernest MacMillan

WHY, one wonders, does musical life in Canada stagnate so during the summer season? Does attendance at concerts and the like during the winter so satiate the appetite of our music-lovers that a period of four or five months' starvation must intervene before the next meal?

We have, indeed, sporadic concerts and a few of our orchestras undertake weekly series. At these, however, anything of a "heavy" nature is usually looked upon askance. Montreal has its "Festivals"—devoted chiefly to opera, Vancouver its Theatre-Under-the-Stars, and Toronto its Melody Fair—devoted entirely to light opera. But the sum total of our serious musical efforts in the summer is miserably small. Only here and there do enthusiasts endeavor to fan into life a flame that normally flickers but feebly. The CBC, which can be enterprising enough at times, seems to feel that the public must from May to September be treated with more than usual circumspection and put on a light diet. Nowhere throughout the length and breadth of our land does one find any notable musical activity.

Some of our amateur and semi-professional dramatic companies do much better; they have gone far to prove that public interest in the arts is not altogether desiccated by the summer heat. In Ontario alone we have already a Shakespeare summer series in Toronto. Dramatic companies in Kingston, Muskoka and elsewhere are doing valiant work, and now Stratford, I am told, hopes to live up to its name by becoming a great Shakespearean centre; let us hope it is able to realize such an excellent ambition. But the musician usually folds up his tents and departs for the wilds or for more fertile fields in other lands. If he is lucky enought to secure such a job, he may fiddle or strum away to inattentive listeners in a summer hotel. Paradoxically with us the summer is a period of musical hibernation.

No doubt I exaggerate. I am writing this in Edinburgh during the Festival, and the contrast might well upset the balance of anyone's judgment. But the very spectacle of what a great festival can do should lead us to self-examination of the most searching kind.

EDINBURGH itself was stagnant enough at this season in bygone years, in spite of the multitude of tourists who flocked to see the glamorous old city. Incidentally, it is not a notable musical centre during the winter. Now, however, one is bewildered by the extent and variety of the musical and dramatic fare offered—not only by the Festival Society itself, but by the numerous organizations (some fifty of them this year) that shelter unofficially under its wing. The Festival Society usually has to report deficits but what of that? The economic life of the city as a whole benefits immeasurably and well do the City Fathers know it: this year Festival visitors spent an estimated three million pounds.

But Edinburgh is not an isolated case. Summer Festivals are in the very air of Britain and they vary in character as they do in extent. Do we want opera? Let us go to Glyndebourne which has set a standard hard to equal. Do we want to hear contemporary British music? The Cheltenham Festival provides it in large measure. Does one's taste run in the direction of old music? No more charming spot for hearing it could be found than Haslemere, where the Dolmetsch family still carries on old Arnold's admirable work. Early in September the long established Three Choirs Festival (this year at Hereford) will privide fine choral and orchestral performances. The size of London, of course, places it in a class by itself, but even among very large cities such a spectacle as the throngs that stand night after night on the ground floor of the Albert Hall would be hard to reproduce. And the Germans once called this *Das Land ohne Musik!*

I CANNOT believe that we in Canada will long be satisfied with things as they are. To be sure we lack certain advantages: chiefly those of background and tradition. Even the much maligned climate of these islands is advantageous, at least in contrast with the sultry summer heat of Ontario and the middle west. But if we cannot hope for the glamour of Edinburgh (although one finds much of it in Quebec) we have backgrounds of our own. By wise selection of a site we can also overcome the handicap of climate. I admit I cannot see much chance of stimulating artists to their best efforts during July and August in Toronto nor of interesting multitudes in a large number of serious programs. But we have woods—we have lakes—we have lovely star-lit nights that enhance the beauty of many a spot where a Canadian Tanglewood might be established. It could be done even within easy driving distance of the city: one need not go far to forget the extreme heat.

I am told that there is a movement afoot to organize at Niagara Falls an international festival giving programs as Edinburgh does, of the highest quality and with world renowned artists. A happy location indeed, for Niagara Falls, like Edinburgh, is already a Mecca for tourists from all lands. But let us not stop there. We need a festival that would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

PARKWAY VISTA near Stratford, Ont., shows the environs of the projected Shakespeare Festival, scheduled for Summer, 1953. Old Vic director Tyrone Guthrie has recently been advising local impresarios.

—Stratford Beacon-Herald

Streamlined Charity-fund Drive

The Employees' Welfare Service Fund, by consolidating all appeals on a deduction basis, has earned both time and money for charities

by Ruth Honderich Spielberg

THERE seems no end to the steady stream of welfare appeals flooding the country from one end to the other. The great majority appear worthy, yet if some plan for getting them organized cannot be found many fine services will suffer financially and suffer badly. Many have done so already, to say nothing at all of the harassed public.

In Greater Toronto, where more money is raised for welfare than anywhere else in Canada, few of the many welfare drives have been meeting their objectives. Last Fall the Community Chest fell short by $514,000, causing serious curtailment of some of the services given by its 66 agencies.

The Toronto public, traditionally generous, gives some five million of its dollars to annual welfare appeals. Repeated demands are being heard for some sort of re-organization. One executive had very close to 200 requests come to his desk in the last year. Citizens ask why canvassers for as many as four different charities, all worthy, come knocking at their door in the same week.

Senior citizens—called on time and again to head drives, to hit up their friends and business associates for big donations, and to have their employees serve as canvassers—are weary. Younger men appear somewhat diffident about giving their time to charitable appeals, making the recruiting of suitable helpers increasingly difficult.

Walter S. Tomenson, insurance broker and chairman of this Fall's $3 million Community Chest drive (last year's raised $2,607,873 of its $3,122,000 objective), recently proposed in the Toronto press that this drive be expanded to cover all appeals.

He argued that last year in the United States, 114 cities having an amalgamated appeal achieved 96 per cent of their objective, or 122 per cent of the previous year's take, whereas cities not adopting it raised only 94 per cent, or 111 per cent.

There has been strong feeling in Toronto on this question for some years, particularly since the Salvation Army withdrew from the Community Chest after belonging for a year.

OFFICIALS of the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, Canadian National Institute for the Blind and the Boy Scouts, sponsoring by far the largest of the independent appeals, insist as politely, yet as firmly as good public relations will allow, that the nature of their national and even international activities "renders illogical" participation in a local Community Chest.

All seem fearful of losing their identity in an overall organization and point to examples within the Community Chest where they believe this to have been the case. Perhaps the deeper, less expressed reason, is that each is confident of raising more money on its own. This may be especially true in the case of the Salvation Army, now getting close to $400,000 yearly, whereas its appropriation in the Chest for 1943 was something like $125,000.

The question remains, where do we go from here? It is highly unlikely that amalgamation of these agencies will ever come about. Yet unless some solution is found we will continue to have the same multiplicity of appeals, raising less money than is needed and with increasing difficulties.

There is at present in Toronto an organization which might have the key to a good part of the problem, both for Toronto and elsewhere. In a quiet, efficient manner it is at present raising 14 per cent of all money collected for welfare.

This is the Employees' Welfare Service Fund which last year collected in excess of $713,000 from its 58,000 members.

All these members are employees of 308 companies, some large, others small, who have adopted the Fund plan as the most business-like way of supporting charities with a minimum of inconvenience to all concerned.

Membership requires a pay deduction of one-half of one per cent per week. The average is 23 cents weekly or $11.60 a year. In return each member is given freedom from one drive after another—a big selling point to the employee. He gets a receipt for income tax and a membership card proving to canvassers his money is already in the pot. Each member may determine which welfare service shall get his money. The money goes directly from each company to the charities concerned.

THE FUND has a central office which serves as liaison between its members and the welfare services, its costs paid proportionately by the services benefitted.

From a wartime need for saving time and inconvenience taken by subscription lists and canvassers, the Fund has steadily grown. It had its beginning in the plant of the Anaconda American Brass Company in New Toronto, spreading the first year to 150 companies, their employees giving $484,600.

Among the presidents of this Fund have been Major James E. Hahn, who at the time was president of the John Inglis Company, and one of the principal financial backers in the early organization days; H. M. Turner, president of the Canadian General Electric Company; James S. Duncan, president and general manager of the Massey Harris Company; D. Clive Betts, recently retired from the presidency of Canadian Breweries Ltd. In this office today is L. G. Rector, president of Griffith Laboratories Ltd., with key citizens, labor leaders and welfare people as directors.

LAST YEAR Fund members gave the Community Chest $292,414; the Red Cross Society $102,194; the Salvation Army $94,765; the Canadian National Institute for the Blind $40,651; the St. John Ambulance $12,805; the Canadian Cancer Society $12,276; the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society $8,797; the Canadian Paraplegic Association $6,732; and $44,270 to some 150 or so other good works.

Surveys have shown that the Fund member gives five times more to welfare drives than does the non-member employee. In the case of the Community Chest, as an example, the Fund member gives $4.49. The fellow working beside him, who is not in the Fund, hands out $1.79.

In Toronto, there are roughly three times as many companies, (with 25 or more employees) than the number of companies, in the Employees' Fund. In other words, this organization has still about 755 prospects. Why have they been slow in signing up? Chiefly because management in these firms has been reluctant to introduce a new payroll deduction. Yet once the employee is in, he likes the system very much.

If in some way it were possible to sell these prospects, then from Fund members alone, Toronto's welfare services could count on getting $2 million a year, instead of this year's objective of $750,000.

Management having seen how successful this plan has worked for their employees have already held discussions towards organizing a similar one to relieve business and industry from constant demands on executive time, also make possible far better allocation of charity funds.

AS THIS "big names" list already contributes more than $2 million of Toronto's welfare dollars and we have a potential from the employees of another $2 million, this would leave only $1 million—if such a plan were operable—to come from those who fall between the two groups.

Providing the welfare organizations remain within their present budgets, now at an all-time high, it would seem not too difficult to hold one brief, combined, yearly appeal for the difference.

And as at least seven of the larger agencies, while opposed to amalgamation of appeals within a Community Chest, are working together amiably within the Employees' Welfare Service Fund, it would appear possible that the Fund might sponsor such a united effort.

While this may be a long road and a difficult one, any step forward would seem well taken.

Passing Show

OTTAWA has declared Canada free of foot-and-mouth disease. The middle word is "and", not "in".

With all these special editions in the U.S., the middle of the twentieth century is certainly Canada's middle of the century, whatever may have happened to the rest of it.

The watchword of Soviet diplomats abroad is "Home was never like this."

It is getting so that the only way some people can get into the United States is to violate the SEC Act while still outside of it.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra seems to have dropped some people from its audience as well as from its players.

Canada has had a dollar currency for a hundred years. The dollar is still worth one hundred cents, and that is the only respect in which it resembles its predecessor of 1852.

CHANGE OF FACE

Plastic Surgery—Modern Miracle

No longer the resort of vanity but of mental rehabilitation, plastic surgery has been the means of preserving sanity and earning power

by Helen Beattie

TWENTY YEARS ago the aging actress who had her face lifted was an object of derision for her vanity. What was much more serious, however, was the chance that the operation might have been badly done by a person with no training in surgery. Her face could, and many did, develop small tumors because the hollows had been filled out with paraffin. The elderly ingenue would have been much better off with her wrinkles.

Today the same actress with the same problem can get the same operation done by any one of seventeen Canadian plastic surgeons in a well equipped hospital. The doctors are fully qualified MD's with five years extra training. They must pass their examinations for the FRCS (C) degree, which includes questions on general surgery, as well as plastic surgery. What is equally important, hospitals, which fifteen years ago would have hesitated to admit a patient for a breast reduction or a nose reduction, now realize that such a cosmetic surgical job involves certain psychological as well as economic factors.

Plastic surgery, while not a new science, really came into its own during World War I when doctor used their skill to patch bodies and faces mutilated by trench warfare, so the veteran would be able to walk among his fellows without noticing averted eyes because of a repulsive appearance.

THESE SKILLS were quickly transferred in peace time to minister to those suffering from serious congenial defects — hare lips, cleft palates, web necks. Disaster and accident victims too benefited from the war-acquired skills which improved grafting techiques for bad burns and grafting bone for accident victims.

However, on this continent at any rate, plastic surgery for purely cosmetic reasons was slow to progress except in certain circles, where money was no object and looks were vitally important. Even the general public, nourishing a hangover from their Puritan ancestors and the high moral attitude of the Victorian era, consoled their unattractive young with such comfortless philosophy as: "Beauty is only skin deep" and "Handsome is as Handsome does." They indicated that it was practically sinful to wish to interefere with the meagre gifts that nature had bestowed. It was a sort of "be clean, honest and good to your mother and everyone will know you are a much nicer person than the beautiful blonde next door" school of thought.

UNFORTUNATELY it overlooked the mental tortures through which the person might be going who possessed bat-wing ears or a very large nose. Cyrano de Bergerac might be able to rationalize it because he was a poet, but not Joe Doakes. A big nose is not an asset except to a Durante. And the boy with the bat-wing ears may be tough enough to succeed in spite of them, but if he is sensitive he will always be self-conscious because his ears are at right angles to his head, and it may bring on severe personality problems.

On the continent, however, where people are evidently not so self-conscious they were having these facial deviations repaired—but not by doctors. For the most part they were done by people who worked in beauty parlors. Even in England a Swiss barber carried a big ad in all the theatre programs—he used an electric knife for his work. Some of these continental operations were disastrous, particularly a number of those where paraffin was used, because while the small tumors which developed were not malignant, they were, to quote a medical expert "messy".

Meantime, the growing interest in personality problems, often due to some mild defect, was beginning to convince the medical profession that plastic surgery was properly a larger field than just repairing war and accident victims or correcting one of nature's congenital mistakes.

Although Canada was slow to accept plastic surgery at first, these doctors are now among the busiest and most highly regarded in the profession.

Their work falls into two main categories—those who want work done for economic reasons and those who need it done for some personality difficulty.

In the economic group are the actors, the models, the cosmetic demonstrators and those whose living depends on meeting the public. To these people looks are as much a part of their equipment as tools are to a plumber and a face lift may save their job.

IT IS THE OTHER GROUP which poses the problem to the plastic surgeon. One of the Toronto's best says that he divides the patients who come to his office into three distinct groups. The first group make a reasonable request for plastic surgery. This would take in those who want it done for economic reasons, or the parents who are sensible enough to bring in a child with bat-wing ears knowing that all the taping in the world will never set them back, or the person with the really outlandish nose.

The second group he calls the "suspicious" group. They often become emotional in the office. They usually blame all their personality problems on one imperfect feature.

This group poses the problem: "Is this patient really stable? Would plastic surgery really cure the problem—or would the problem remain after the surgery?" This doctor sends all such cases to a neuro-psychiatric clinic. If the psychiatrists say the operation will answer the problem, this doctor will go ahead. If they say the problem is more deep seated he will not. According to his standards it is unethical to operate when a patient believes the operation will cure the personality problems when it will not.

THE THIRD group get a direct "No". They are obviously very unstable or else just people who think the world would be rosy and they would be running it if they had a different set of features.

A great deal of this surgeon's work is on noses, breasts and ears. Contrary to most rumors the patient does not decide what kind of a nose he wants—and then get it. It is a matter of taking out the bumps and humps, paring it down to normal size and straightening it out—always keep-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

The Trail

Lenore A. Pratt

SPIRITS there are that walk in aisles of light:
Not the moon-keeping, shadow-mantled kind,
But young and wilful shades with youth's own right
To shout and whistle, to trade hunting gear,
To choose a site and build a cabin near
A lonely water . . . Yet I do not mind
Meeting these carefree ones, or think it queer.

You know the track that turns below Red Cliff
Through Goodyear's gravel-pit into the wood?
On the first day of fall, when there's a whiff
Of frost and birch smoke on the air, I see
The two of them come down the trail—the three
If there's a spaniel. Their young eyes are good
Yet glance my way taking no heed of me.

WAIT, wait, o dear indifferent ones! I know
Too well the names you bear, and softly call
Them in my heart; often I've watched you stow
The axe and twenty-two, the kettle black
From many a boil-up; in your haversack
I've slipped the extra peach—Another fall,
Another year, and there's no going back!
Yet there is sadness meeting thus the two
Just at the hour when the slant sunlight melts
In pools and hollows. Where the trail breaks through
Below the pine tree with a lightning mark,
I listen for their war-whoops and a bark,
And glimpse beyond, two feathered, rakish felts
Tilted upon the fair hair and the dark.

ROUART COLLECTION

Morisot and Her Circle

by Paul Duval

PORTRAIT of his parents by Manet is one of great paintings in Rouart Collection.

MANET painted this portrait *(left)* of Berthe, his pupil and sister-in-law, in 1874.

DETAIL of "Self-Portrait" *(right)* by Berthe Morisot, painted 11 years after Manet's.

THE ART GALLERY of Toronto has once more revealed its energy and initiative in obtaining important collections of masterpieces for Canadian audiences. This time, the Gallery is the sponsor of the North American tour of the famed Rouart Collection. This French collection, the property of Madame Ernest Rouart, has never before been exhibited in a public gallery and is insured for more than $1 million. Following its world *premiere* in Toronto, the exhibition will be shown at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum, and in Washington, Toledo and San Francisco.

The Rouart Collection is, in a very real sense, a "family affair". Madame Rouart is the daughter of Berthe Morisot who, with Mary Cassatt, was the most talented of the women who attached themselves to the French Impressionist school of painters. It is not surprising, therefore, that the collection, in the main, consists of paintings by Berthe Morisot. Born in 1841, Mlle. Morisot was a favorite student of the great Edouard Manet whose brother, Eugene, she eventually married. In the current exhibition, there are three portraits of the artist: one by herself, in 1885; another by Manet, in 1874, and a third by Pierre-Auguste Renoir, in 1894.

Although the twenty paintings by Morisot dominate in numbers, the importance of the Rouart exhibition hinges on a few great paintings by her contemporaries. The "Portrait of My Mother and Father" and "Half-Length Nude" by brother-in-law Manet; the "Portrait of Berthe Morisot and Her Daughter" by Renoir, and Degas' "Portrait of Eugene Manet" make the pastel-tinted paintings by Morisot seem the pale shades of the Impressionist masters that they are. Rarely, however, have Canadians had an opportunity to view impressionism on so many different levels as in the Rouart Collection.

THE WORLD TODAY

It Is Magnificent, But Is It Politics?

by Willson Woodside

—International photos

NEW KIND of candidate, is relieved and delighted verdict on Adlai Stevenson by newsmen accompanying him, listening to his bright, witty speeches.

BIG BROOM is Ike's symbol as he calls for the sweeping out of the corrupt and the cronies. He is meeting big, enthusiastic audiences on his road tour, impresses many by his great sincerity.

ONE CAN ONLY follow the progress of Adlai Stevenson across the United States with growing admiration and wonder. He has stood before the American Legion convention and warned that he would resist pressures from veterans if he thought their demands were excessive. He has gone on to Detroit to tell labor that he intended to do exactly what he thought right and best for all—business, labor, agriculture—alike.

He has talked to the farmers, "not masquerading as a dirt farmer, but as a politician", and told them that he knew they did not want, nor would they get through any effort of his, anything more than what is justified by the larger good of the commonwealth. "Equal rights for all, special privileges for none", he quoted to all of these from Jefferson.

That's only the beginning. He went to the most Polish city in the U.S., Hamtramck, Michigan, and opposed Eisenhower's proposal to pledge American policy to the liberation of the satellite nations, including their homeland. "Even if votes could be won by it I would not say one reckless thing on this matter during the campaign."

In his first speech in the South he said that he could not justify anti-Negroism, and stood on the civil rights plank of his party's platform. Across the continent in Los Angeles, he lumped together all special interest groups and minorities and declared that the theory that their votes can be delivered in a bloc is a myth which frightens and stampedes many office-holders. To back up this assertion he cited the failure of organized labor to defeat Senator Taft in Ohio in 1950!

This unique and delightful candidate stands firm in the flood-tide of McCarthyism and declares (before the Legion) that to strike freedom of the mind with the fist of patriotism is an old and ugly subtlety; in its extreme form this kind of patriotism is "the last refuge of scoundrels." He tells organized labor that he doesn't look on the Taft-Hartley Act as a slave-labor law; and cautions them that the law with which he would replace it would require standards of fair conduct from unions and give equal protection to employers. In the North-West, the great beneficiary of public power, he calls for a close eye on such expenditures and for cooperation between public and private power interests.

HE ADMITS publicly that there is "a mess in Washington" which will have to be cleaned up. He concedes that the cry "time for a change" is the Republicans' most effective campaign appeal. He makes it plain that he doesn't want to run on Truman's record. He casts away the Democrats' secret weapon by insisting that they "are not still running against Herbert Hoover." He declares —and this perhaps best sums up Adlai Stevenson's outlook—that "some things are more precious than votes."

It is magnificent—but is it politics? Isn't it a commonly accepted fact that Roosevelt built the present-day Democratic Party as a coalition of the Solid South plus the minority and special interest groups in the northern cities, plus the farmers, heavily favored from the beginning of the New Deal? Has anyone forgotten how Harry Truman won the 1948 election when no one conceded him a chance, by the most rabid and partisan appeals to special interests, vowing to labor he would repeal the Taft-Hartley "slave-labor" Law, denouncing the private power "barons", warning the farmers that if they returned the Republicans they would be devoured by the wolves of Wall Street, making himself the champion of every racial minority?

Either way, win or lose for Adlai, it looks as though it will turn out to be the biggest political joke of the year that Truman, the northern city bosses like Jake Arvey, and the CIO, should have forced on the party a candidate who refuses to pander to special interests. They will be remembering bitterly or ruefully—depending on whether they think he is going to win or not—that he warned them in Chicago that he "had not fitness for the task—temperamentally, physically or psychologically."

But since they forced the nomination on him he seems determined to campaign his own way, to appeal to the minds and not the emotions of the electorate, and make such contribution as he can to the political elevation of the nation. He has had plenty of criticism from his own followers as well as from Eisenhower for his clever quips on every possible topic, and met the worries of local politicians along the way that he is talking over people's heads; his answer is: "Whatever critics say, I am going to be myself."

NOW THE QUESTION is, can a candidate who is the delight of readers of *The New Yorker* "get across" to the masses of the people? His speech is graceful, witty, restrained and literate. In a single California speech he quoted from Bernard Shaw, Disraeli, Plato, the literary supplement of the London *Times*, and Andrew Oliver, a political philosopher of Boston in the 1800's.

He has a positive horror of clichés, and apparently feels something the same about repeating himself, as on one day he prepared eight different speeches for eight whistle stops. The nearest he comes to the vernacular is: "This is no time to kid ourselves with press agent's platitudes." But does even that get across, compared to Ike's fighting phrases?

One evening Eisenhower was on the radio from Indianapolis and Stevenson immediately afterwards from San Francisco. Ike came out swinging, saying that he hadn't been able to stand aside and see his country become the prey of fearmongers, quack doctors and bare-faced looters. He had had to get into politics, "fast and hard." He hit out at "an Administration that fumbles and stumbles and falls flat on its face every couple of weeks," at the "five per cent fees for court favorites," at the "incompetent, the unfit, the cronies and the chiselers."

But he also called on his hearers for an idealistic rededication to "faith in the plain provisions of our founding documents," and in the mission of America in the world. It was not a very literate speech, nor very well delivered from the point of view of elocution. But it was a tremendous success, punctuated with applause from beginning to end. Governor Stevenson's speech, right afterwards, was a literary pleasure, perfectly delivered—and very calmly received. It strengthened my belief, formed when Stevenson made the serious *gaffe* about "the mess in Washington," that he would be the loser when the votes are counted.

Opposing Taft, Stevenson might be a runaway winner. But in Eisenhower he faces an opponent

—Knox in the Nashville Banner

"FIRST WHISTLE STOP"—Is it good politics to admit that your party has made a "mess in Washington" and that "time for a change" is the enemy's most telling cry?

who has the same high ideals, follows the same foreign policy and is just about as liberal—or conservative—in domestic policy, but who, as a man of action and a tested team leader, will be better able to convince the voters that he will get things done.

When you have totted up all the calculations of the Southern split in the Democratic Party, the Taft-Ike division among the Republicans, the aversion of the independent liberals to Joe McCarthy, the farm vote, the labor vote and the Northern Negro vote, you have to come back to the simple fact that Eisenhower is a stronger, more popular and better-known candidate than Dewey, who very nearly won in '48.

Ike has the powerful new leverage of the corruption cases, the revelations of the Hiss Case and the distrust sown by the Lattimore Case of Communist penetration of the Government, and popular discontent with the Korean War. He is making a fighting campaign which is being well received.

Roscoe Drummond of the *Christian Science Monitor*, writes of an "exuberance" to his campaign. "The mass meeting at Convention Hall in Philadelphia was almost electric. Every correspondent I talked with felt it and appraised it as something different from what he had experienced in any other Republican presidential gathering in recent years."

He reports that even in traditionally strong Democratic territory, as in South Bend and Gary, Indiana, "all along the streets and at his scheduled rallies Eisenhower is drawing equally huge and responsive crowds . . . I offer this as a comment on his unusual audience responsiveness: General Eisenhower may not merely be saying what is on his mind when he talks about corruption in government, the charges of bungling which preceded the Korean War, the high cost of living, huge deficits and huge taxes—

—Werner in the Indianapolis Star

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, and it isn't the usual kind of politics. The party professionals wonder if this strange candidate wouldn't "rather be right than president."

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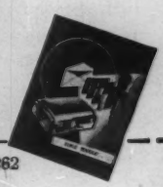

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he may be saying what is on the minds of his hearers."

To stem this groundswell of public opinion—if such it is—against what has been termed "Pink, Mink and Stink," or Communism, Corruption and Cronyism, the Democrats are bound to make the most of Ike's compromises with Taft, Jenner and McCarthy. Stevenson will hardly convince many voters that Ike has taken Taft as his boss—not after the knock-down fight at the Republican Convention witnessed by millions on TV. The McCarthy issue is more serious.

I have strongly shared the view of Paul Hoffman and John Foster Dulles that Ike should repudiate McCarthy and would gain by doing so, no matter how hard-pressed the Republicans are to win the Senate this year. Precious little help can Ike expect from McCarthy, if the latter is elected. But Ike, the complete amateur in politics, has been persuaded that he must avoid the mistake of another amateur, Wendell Willkie, and be "regular." He has said that he will support those whom the local Republican voters nominate in their primaries—though for the benefit of McCarthy and Jenner, he has violently repudiated the slanders against his old chief, Gen. Marshall.

The primary victory of McCarthy cannot please either candidate, for Ike must have hoped to have McCarthy lifted off his back while Stevenson must now expect to see McCarthy enter this "high-level" campaign with some low-level imputations of Stevenson's relations with Hiss.

But the sweeping nature of McCarthy's victory makes it doubtful if any intervention from outside the state could have averted his nomination. Indeed, the general view is that condemnation from outside brought local support for McCarthy.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

MEMBERS OF THE CAST

However, McCarthy was not renominated by Republican votes alone, or by local resentment against outside interference. His total of 70 per cent of all the votes cast in both Republican and Democratic primaries on that day shows clearly that great numbers of Democrats, invited by McCarthy's opponents to cross party lines and vote against him, voted instead *for* him. The lesson of this seems to be that McCarthy got down below the level of those who find his methods morally repugnant and those who are informed that he has never uncovered and convicted a single Communist in government, to the masses who never read the editorial pages or listen to Elmer Davis or Ed Murrow, who have only awakened since the Korean War and the rearmament program to the menace of Communism, and see Joe McCarthy as the only person doing anything about it.

EVEN OTHERS who didn't like McCarthy's methods excused him by saying that no other methods had gotten anywhere. And the truth is that although the Administration had been warned repeatedly since 1939 that Alger Hiss was a Communist it had done nothing about it but accorded him high position, and when a congressional committee finally investigated him in 1948 Truman treated this as an attack on his government and called it a "red herring." Even after Hiss was convicted, Acheson "refused to turn his back on him."

In the same way the Administration ignored Gouzenko's 1945 warning on atomic spies, and fought to protect Lattimore and the group with which he was associated in the State Department in promoting the disastrous China policy from full exposure. We have seen the backlash from this in the vote for McCarthy. Now, with the attack on Richard Nixon, who was the leading congressman in the Hiss prosecution, being led by a former Communist, James G. Wechsler of the *New York Post*, the issue became important at least on the lower levels of the campaign.

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PORTS OF CALL

Autumn in the West Country

by Willis Player

IN THE FALL, when the air has a clarity and softness unlike that of any other time of the year, the English like to spend their late vacations in the southwest corner of their island, Devonshire and Cornwall.

Autumn is a delightful time to visit England, and one of the best times to visit southwest England. Experienced travellers recommend Plymouth as headquarters not only because it is central to the area and tours from it are well organized but because of its associations. But Falmouth, further towards Land's End, a one-time busy port now almost entirely a winter resort, and Torquay in the opposite direction may also be considered.

Five hours from London on the Cornish Riviera Express, this part of England has perhaps the most romantic associations of any. King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table once met, says the legend, in the castle of Tintagel on the wild north coast facing out to the Atlantic. The great seafarers, Drake, Hawkins, Cook and many others, began their voyages of discovery from here. Legend says that the Giant that Jack killed lived in a castle on St. Michael's Mount near Land's End and tossed stones across at the people of Penzance.

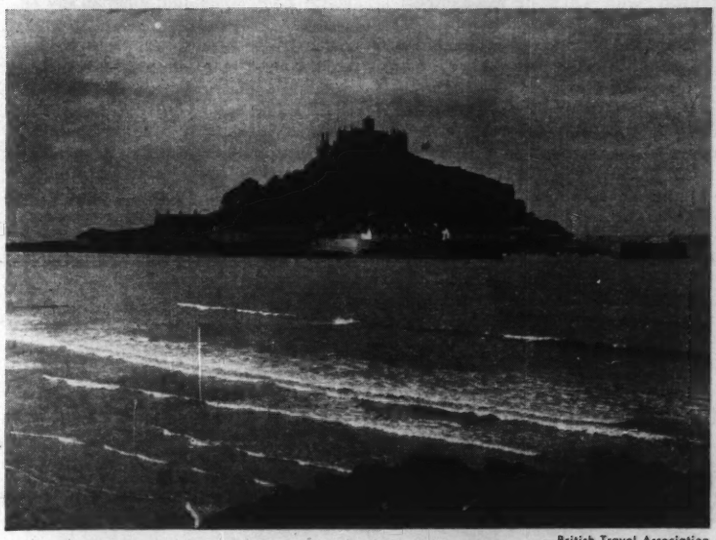
LOCAL residents insist that the Cornish pixies and the Devonshire elves take out their paintpots, brushes and magic ointments in the autumn and change the green leaves of lime and elm, oak and chestnut, buckthorn and sycamore to red, yellow and gold. One hears tales of pattering footsteps on the roof at night and tracks left by giants in the snow on the moors in winter.

Hotel accommodations are both good and, in fall and winter, plentiful. Offiical lists of hotels rate them according to price and quality, the rates varying (in Canadian money) from $1.25 to $3.50 a night including breakfast. Lunches cost sixty cents and dinner rarely more than $1.50.

Motor coach companies operate daily excursions which go everywhere worth seeing in the country and along the seaside. A ten-hour trip with well-chosen stops for lunch and "tea" will cost about $2.50. A weekly calendar of events is published for the visitor.

THE FAVORITE sport in Plymouth is still the one Sir Francis Drake was playing in 1588 when he heard that the Spanish Armada had entered the English Channel. Indeed, visitors may bowl on the same green used by Sir Francis.

Around Plymouth is some of Britain's most beautiful scenery. On the wild, rugged breeze-swept moors, with their strange outcroppings of granite peaks called Tors, it is easy to believe in pixies and elves. The coast varies from broad flat beaches to jagged cliffs with coves and narrow rocky harbors once the haunt of smugglers.



—British Travel Association

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT LIES OFF THE CORNISH COAST

Devon is called England's western garden and in the Fall the pixies coax long-lasting blossoms on the cyclamens and chrysanthemums, the daisies, the lilies and the red and white camellias. The farms are a crazy quilt of tiny fields, framed in haphazard fashion with high stone walls on top of which often grow tall hedges so that each field is enclosed with a fence of stone and shrubbery sometimes 20 feet high.

AND THE SEA is everywhere. In most of Cornwall no point is more than eighteen miles from the coast and for all the abandoned tin mines, clay pottery factories and farms, the Devon and Cornwall people are seafaring men with an overtone of quiet fatalism in their manner.

The well-modulated precise language of the BBC radio announcers is a foreign tongue in the West country. Old Celtic and Saxon expressions die hard among the local folk, and the intonation is peculiar. If you hear "tez a wisht ole job o' it" somebody is saying "it's a great pity." It's all right for a traveler "to have the lurgies" but the local folk frown on being lazy. "Handsome" doesn't mean good-looking, it means excellent. You may be "frightened" at the beauty of Devon. In local parlance, that means "surprise."

Tez a wisht ole job o' it to miss the land of the little folk in the fall:

"For the moon's shining high
And the dew is wet;
And on the mossy moors
They're dancing yet."

—British Travel Association

CLOVELLY, DEVONSHIRE

—Pan American World Airways

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Festivals for Canada?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

present (though not perhaps exclusively) the work of Canadian composers and Canadian performing artists. Ottawa would seem the logical place for this if sufficient outstanding performers were assembled. We too can have our festivals of old music, of opera (grand and less grand), of folk-music—interspersed with drama and ballet to give variety and widened interest. One can think of a hundred ways in which the talent and the great resources of our richly endowed country might be put to good use. But have we the will?

Some twenty-five years ago the late John Murray Gibbon had a vision which resulted in a series of most interesting festivals utilizing chiefly traditional resources in various parts of Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway, with which he was connected, backed him up and no doubt spent a good deal of money in doing so. The result was to open the eyes of many people to our cultural resources and to the possibility of exploiting them to the full. Unfortunately the lean years, beginning with 1929, put an end to these ventures and the vision was never completely realized. It could however be revived.

In a later article I hope to give some details of the concerts, plays and other events which we have been enjoying here. In the meantime I must gird up my loins to attend a performance of Hindemith's opera "Mathias der Maler" by the Hamburg State Opera Company. This is a venturesome effort even in Edinburgh; managerial complaints that people shy at unfamiliar works have an all too familiar ring. I must admit to having seen a good many empty seats at last Sunday's performance of Berlioz' "L'Enfance du Christ" under Sir Thomas Beecham; nothing daunted, that irrepressible warrior is pleading for a Delius opera next year and I for one wish all success to his campaign. Most of the events are so well attended that the Festival Society can surely afford to be venturesome now and then.

The whole Festival was at its inception a bold venture, but no bolder than that of Canadians in other fields: why cannot we carry into our cultural life the spirit that led to the building of the CPR and that contemplates building the St. Lawrence Seaway?

■ TV in Toronto is drawing Montreal talent, as well as local. Barry Morse—highly successful at the Mountain Playhouse the last two summers—snaffled off lead in last week's CBLT "Angel Street", with Oakville's Kate Reid in the role Judith Evelyn made famous on Broadway some 12 years ago.

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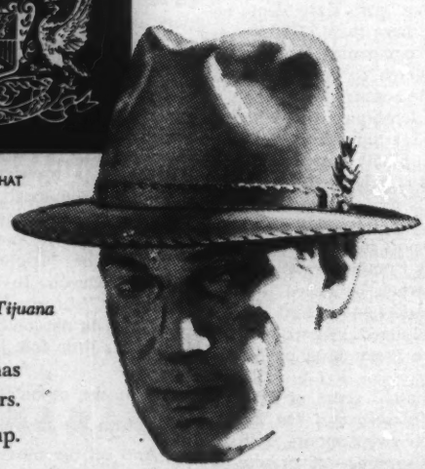

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LONDON LETTER

On Being Lord Mayor

by P. O'D.

BEING LORD MAYOR of London is a high and rightly coveted honor. It is also an expensive one, and will be more expensive than ever during Coronation Year. The City Corporation makes its municipal head a quite handsome allowance—£12,500 a year and the Mansion House rent-free, with its heating and lighting. It sounds adequate, but it isn't—not by half. In his year of office the Lord Mayor normally spends twice his allowance. Next year he is expected to spend at least £30,000.

Apparently it is the banquets that run the bill up. Somebody has to pay for all that official guzzling, even on the slightly reduced scale that has been the fashion since the war; and the somebody is the Lord Mayor, with the assistance of the two Sheriffs who act also as hosts. The one banquet alone that follows the Lord Mayor's installation is said to cost £4,000; and there are numerous others—to the Diplomatic Corps, the judges, the bankers, even the bishops, and more, all with about 400 guests. When the Lord Mayor entertains, he must really entertain. The dignity of the City of London demands it.

In addition to a large amount of money, the Lord Mayor requires an iron constitution, the digestion of an ostrich, imperturbable good-humor, and a head that is alcoholically unshakable, or as nearly as makes no difference. With these endowments he can look forward to a lively and interesting year of office and a title at the end of it. Next year's Lord Mayor will almost certainly be made a peer. He will have earned it, or at any rate will have paid for it.

SO ABJECT in general is the attitude of appeasement adopted by County Councils—especially those controlled by Socialists, as most of them are—towards the flagrant indiscipline of labor, that it came as a good deal of a surprise to find the Socialist London County Council suddenly closing down all work on a big housing estate on the northern edge of the County because of continual strikes.

The £7,000,000 housing scheme at Bonham Wood was to have provided over 4,000 houses, with the shops, schools, and churches needed to make it a complete community. Working conditions were good and wages were high, but in the two years the work has been going on—or was supposed to—there have been no fewer than 16 strikes and go-slow movements. All unofficial, of course! And all the result of open Communist activity.

It took no more than a couple of days to bring the workers to their senses—partially at least. They have promised to give up illegal strikes and restrictive practices, and the suspension ordered has been cancelled. They have gone back to work, but so also have the Communist organizers of trouble—under the "no victimization" rule on which British Labor insists so strongly. These busy moles can be trusted to begin burrowing again at once. It remains therefore to be seen how effective the lesson will be.

PEOPLE IN AUSTRALIA are pleased, people in Britain are pleased, and Field Marshal Sir William Slim himself is pleased. Not a voice is raised in even the mildest of demurrers. If that does not make it unanimous, there is no such thing as unanimity. Sir William is an absolute "natural" for the position.

Australians will have a Governor-General who understands and likes them, and whom they will have no difficulty in understanding and liking. One also whom they will respect, not only for his great record as a soldier but also for his fine qualities as a man. He should be as great a success as Lord Alexander in Canada.

Sir William ought to know something about Australians, for he fought beside them at Gallipoli. He was a young lieutenant then, newly promoted from the ranks. After the war he stayed in the Army, and was transferred to India, where he served with the Gurkha Rifles. He was thus on familiar ground in the last war, when he commanded the 14th Army which drove the Japs out of Burma—something else that endears him to Australians.

He is a very remarkable man, modest, kindly, humorous, but unmistakably tough and completely master of his job. It is a type that Australians are traditionally supposed to like.

—Reuterphoto

3½ HOURS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: The men who flew the RAF *Canberra* twin-jet light bomber both ways across the sea between breakfast and afternoon tea (distance, 2072 miles; westward time 4 hrs. 34 mins., eastward time 3:25). l. to r. S/L Watson, W/C Beaumont, (pilot), F/L Hillwood, G/C Coote.

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LETTERS

Where's the Crisis?

MR. C. J. EUSTACE'S article "Reading Culture Crisis" shows a dignified and honest alarm at the state of modern literature. But I wonder if the arguments he advances to prove his point really bear the weight of such a gloomy view.

First of all, is it true that people are not buying as many books as they did "some years ago"? Truth is, book sales have trebled in the years since the war; but this figure includes the much maligned pocket books. Mr. Eustace somewhat arbitrarily lumps these with magazines, digests, etc. Can he tell me how he differentiates between the works of William Faulkner as sold in hard covers and the same books as sold in pocket-book form? Penguin Books sold something like 250,000 copies in Canada last year: the list includes the works of such "proletarian" writers as D. H. Lawrence, Evelyn Waugh, GBS, Roger Manvell and Georges Simenon.

Equally vague seems his suggestion that the modern writer has failed to take a "distinct attitude towards his experience or his medium." I would have appreciated his mentioning one or two names as examples; for I think he means they have failed to take the attitudes he thinks they *ought* to take. It is possible to show that every writer has an attitude. Pure rejection of life is an attitude and a very distinct one. What attitudes does Mr. Eustace object to?

His next target is modern teaching methods, and their failure to instil a love of reading. I think the sound teaching of literature must start with the student and not with the book. By his beliefs Mr. Eustace would be bound to approve of a first-year high-school curriculum that gave the student Chaucer, Milton, Hazlitt, Sterne and so on. But does he really believe this is the way to instil good reading habits? The plunge is too sudden; there has never been invented a way to make people read what they do not want to read. The philosophy of starting with what the student might ordinarily read and branching out from there is a sound one. That the student may not continue the program after he's out of school is the problem. But it does not invalidate the philosophy.

Mr. Eustace's point about reading-ease calculators and the "fog index" seems well taken. Reading ease is an attribute of the reader and not of the medium. But he trails off when he states categorically that the elimination of tri-syllabic words means a corresponding elimination of intellectual or spiritual concepts. To take one example: the three monosyllables "I love you" somehow never lose their magic or their ability to carry an enormous number of concepts. It is the artful choice of words, the arrangement of them that makes them significant; it is also dependent on the spiritual and intellectual force of the man who does the arranging.

I wonder about his statement that parents don't spend as much time reading to their children. When was this golden age when parents were more capable or less indifferent, the age to which Mr. Eustace so lovingly refers? This seems to be nostalgia, neither refutable or supportable since its implications are subjective—a condition that does not make it a forceful argument for the point.

Finally, Mr. Eustace speaks with that hushed reverence of the "classics" and deplores the lack of lasting literature written today. I hesitate to remind him of the obvious, but how do we know there are no classics of today? I think there are some pretty likely candidates but how can one judge at this distance? Like most people who speak unqualifiedly about the "classics" I suspect that Mr. Eustace takes the telescopic view of literary history. The telescopic view looks back on—let us say—the nineteenth century and sees the figures of Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Meredith, Hardy as an unbroken and continuous stream. It tactfully ignores the plateaus, the coincident stream of second- and third-rate stuff that was written and, what's more, read at the same time. It did not stand Mr. Eustace's "test of time" but no one could have predicted that in its day. Similarly how can one apply this test today? Moreover, if Mr. Eustace's gloomy view is correct, today's bilge will be tomorrow's "classic." What then is this "test of time" worth?

Toronto, Ont. JOHN CREED

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PM's Conference

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

The first Canadian objections to the draft of the agenda have meant that more attention will have to be given at the Conference to internal economic measures. The Canadian Government is reported here to have taken the view that the first agenda dealt far too much with external measures to aid the sterling economies. The Canadians may well be heard impatiently. To be told again that the first thing and the vital thing is to let the inflationary gas out of the sterling economies is unpleasant. But the North American view of the sterling troubles is getting little attention in London. It will bear repeating.

A few months ago one might have thought that convertibility of the pound would have been the main subject at the Conference. There was a flurry of interest and excitement. In the financial press a "dash for freedom" was contrasted with a slow approach to convertibility. I have heard no one suggest recently that the pound ought to be freed at once. That would seem a move from weakness. The central banking functions of London would then be difficult to serve.

There was a lot of excitement over the report that the International Bank, the Federal Reserve Bank and the Canadian Government would be prepared to set up a stabilization fund to support a free pound. It is now realized in Whitehall that such a fund could only be established if and when the sterling countries take the measures North Americans want to see taken. The earliest date for convertibility that I have heard suggested is after the next British budget and the year after next is quite early enough, according to some financial experts.

The Prime Ministers' Conference will, no doubt, produce a statement of aims that are already platitudes. It will be the end of 1953 before we can tell whether this Commonwealth talk has made any essential difference.

Our Dollar Too High

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ada sells goods. As a result the foreign buyer must pay more of his own money, or the Canadian producer must accept less of Canadian money, for every item of export sales. And Canadian money is the only money that is any good to the Canadian producer — the only money in which he can pay his wage bill, his bank interest, his raw materials costs and all the rest of his outgo (except his imported raw materials, and they are only a small part of his charges and are reduced only by just the same proportion as the price of his whole finished product).

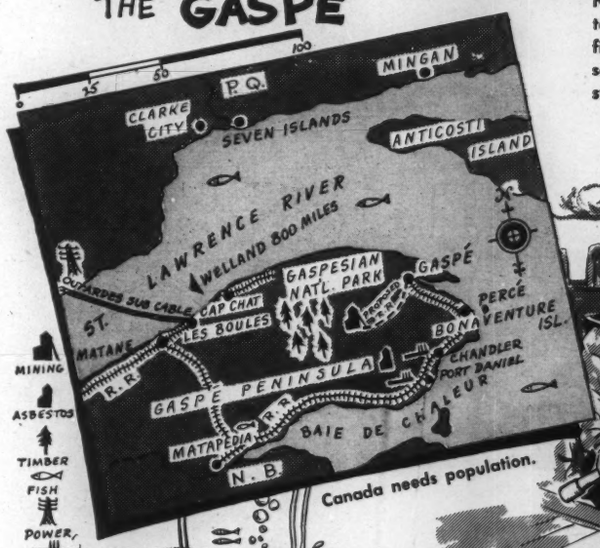
The 1952 wheat crop of Canada is estimated to be in the vicinity of 650 million bushels. That part of it which is of standard quality is sold by international agreement at $1.80 U.S. funds at Fort William. The discount on American money means that instead of this price being also $1.80 Canadian money it is only $1.71 Canadian money or thereabouts. Nine cents a bushel is nine times six and a half million dollars out of the pockets of the Canadian wheat grower. Some of the crop may not run as high as the $1.80 grade, but most of it will be little below that level in U.S. price, and $50 million is a lot of money to take out of the pockets of Canadian wheat growers just because Americans have taken a fancy to Canadian securities.

What could be done about it? A great deal, just as a great deal was done to prevent the Canadian dollar from going too low in the 'forties. All that is necessary to bring the Canadian dollar lower in terms of U.S. dollars is an increased demand for U.S. dollars by holders of Canadian dollars. The Canadian Government could buy short-terms U.S. bonds until the exchange rate reached whatever point was considered desirable, and could obviously make a nice profit on the transaction. As things are, all the benefit of the exchange rate is going to those Canadians who owe money in the United States and who buy U.S. goods or securities.

The Canadian price of American goods enters to some extent into the Canadian cost of living, and so, of course, does the price of Canadian goods whose market value is determined outside of Canada, so that a high exchange rate on the Canadian dollar does help to reduce the cost of living. This may be one reason why the Government does nothing about it; there is an election coming along, and a falling cost-of-living will please the voters. But it is a purely illusory cheapness, and may cost us dear in the long run.

THIS IS CANADA

THE GASPÉ



No section of Canada holds greater fascination for the tourist than the Gaspe Peninsula. Mountains and the sea, fisherfolk and oil explorers, forests and farms, bird sanctuaries, scenery drenched with beauty, fishing, boating, swimming, all lure summer visitors.

Canada needs population.

CARTIER AT PERCÉ - 1534

EVEN BEFORE JACQUES **CARTIER**

and his Bretons claimed Gaspe for France in 1534 French fishermen were harvesting cod off Gaspe. Fisheries continue to play an important part in the lives of Gaspesions.

ENOUGH **ELECTRICITY**

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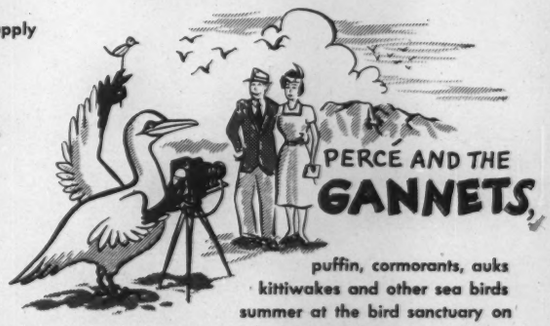
A $25 MILLION **COPPER** SMELTER

is promised when the province completes its million dollar road inland 57 miles from Gaspe Harbor. Already 57 million tons of ore have been blocked out and the strike promises 5,000 tons per day. Elsewhere on the Peninsula are zinc, lead and asbestos.



PERCÉ AND THE **GANNETS**

puffin, cormorants, auks kittiwakes and other sea birds summer at the bird sanctuary on Bonaventure Island. So tame are the gannets that it is possible to photograph them at four feet distance.

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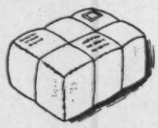

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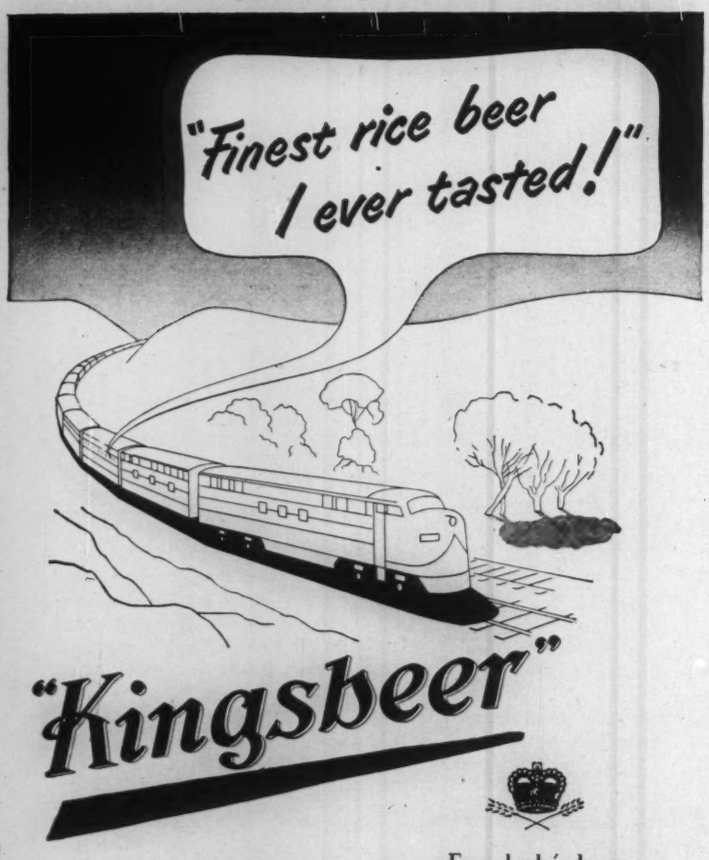

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MARKET COMMENT

Canadian Celanese Limited

by George Armstrong

SINCE the introduction of synthetic fabrics in the 1920's, rayon and acetate have been the fastest growing segment of the textile industry. Because of their chemical character, uniformity and standardization of the yarn are possible, permitting the production of yarn to meet specific textile requirements. Greater price stability because of the steadier price structure of their primary materials is a major advantage of the synthetics. The chemical character of the operation also permits more fully mechanized operations.

Rayon is the lowest priced synthetic and the only one which has so far been able to compete with cotton on a price basis. Recently, important inroads have been made in the tire fabrics field, the summer-weight suit industry, transportation fabrics and the carpet industry. Many of the newer synthetics have properties which make them more suitable for these uses, but rayon and acetate still have the price advantage and will probably continue to have it for some time. It would appear, however, that rayon and acetate are now approaching a stage of maturity where future growth will be more or less limited to the rate of population growth.

In the years between 1938 and 1950, Canadian production, imports, and domestic consumption of synthetic textile fabrics tripled. Canadian production on the average accounted for approximately 80 per cent of domestic consumption. Inventory accumulation following the outbreak of the Korean war and the decline in consumer purchases in 1951 combined to affect the mill demand for rayon seriously. At the same time the situation was aggravated by a sharp rise in imports from the U.S. The textile industry was in a slump for more than a year. Recent price increases for rayon and acetate yarns, however, indicate that inventory and price readjustments are about completed and, with demand and supply in better balance, profit margins should improve.

Canadian Celanese, one of the largest units in the Canadian field, is principally engaged in the manufacture of synthetic yarns and fabrics having cellulose acetate as their base. It owns exclusive Canadian rights to the Dreyfus patents and processes covering the manufacture of cellulose acetate and articles produced therefrom. Association with Celanese Corporation of America and British Celanese Limited give it access to the findings of the research organizations of these companies. A program to increase capacity and further diversify production to include the newer textile products has involved expenditure of more than $22 million since 1943. Of this amount $4.5 million was spent in 1951 and a further $3 million had been authorized for 1952.

The original plant, located at Drummondville, Que., produces acetate filament yarns and staple fibre and dyed and finished woven and knitted fabrics. A new plant which went into production in 1947 at Sorel, Que., manufactures fabrics and yarn from the acetate staple produced at the Drummondville plant. At the Sorel plant, Canadian Celanese has pioneered the production of a wide range of men's and women's wear fabrics.

Canadian Celanese, as the dominant producer in the Canadian field, has fully participated in the growth experienced by the industry in general. No figures are available on sales volume but some idea of its rapid growth may be seen from the rise in net profits from $1.4 million in 1940 to the 1950 figure of $6.6 million. This rise has been proportionately somewhat greater than the increase in Canadian consumption of synthetic fabrics in this period.

In 1951, the slowdown in consumer purchases and the increased imports from the U.S. cut net profits back to $4.8 million. Some recovery appears probable in 1952 but the growth trend of future profits is likely to be of very modest proportions when compared with the period of meteoric rises which quadrupled net profits in the years from 1945 to 1950. Although sales in the first quarter of 1952 were 15 per cent below the same 1951 period, they were 45 per cent above the last quarter of 1951, which is an encouraging trend. As well as the prospect of higher consumer demand, reductions are possible in costs of raw materials with the production of dissolving pulps in Canada and with new developments in chemical production.

DIVIDENDS were commenced on the common stock in 1936 and have been paid regularly in each year since then. Following the four-for-one split in the shares in December, 1948, the quarterly dividend on the new stock was 35c. It was raised to the current rate of 60c, or $2.40 per annum, with the payment made December 30, 1950. This rate looks reasonably secure with earnings of $3.25 per share in 1951.

Capital expenditures have been financed largely out of earnings while working capital increased from $6,806,470 in 1946 to $17,449,537 in 1950. Heavy expenditures and lower earnings in 1951 reduced working capital to $15,290,378 at the end of the year and this included a record amount of $9,516,097 for inventories.

At current price of 46½, the common shares are selling approximately 14 times 1951 earnings. The yield is 5.1 per cent. The shares are attractive for income and gradual appreciation over the longer term. As the textile industry recovers from its recent setback we would expect to see a resumption of the rise in earnings, but keener competition within the industry will result from increases in productive capacity.

BUSINESS COMMENT

Confidence Becomes a Casualty

by Michael Young

CANADIAN BUSINESS confidence, based on continuing development activity has been buttressed by the fact that this is a U.S. election year, and politics has a vested interest in prosperity. But events in the U.S. and Europe indicate that the feeling of confidence isn't shared, and that Canadian business is going to have to pin much of its hope on its own development programs.

In the U.S., Robert C. Turner, a new member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers announced —erroneously as it turned out—that the peak in U.S. defence spending had been reached. His remark that it would be a "difficult and delicate job to maintain present prosperity" was blamed for a sharp drop on the stock exchanges the next day.

Turner had added things up wrongly, as he later admitted, but the fact that business was sent scurrying by a single official's remark in the face of all the authoritative assurances of another year of high defence production activity is a significant indicator of a basic feeling of uncertainty on the U.S. business scene. In Europe, the United Nations Economic Bulletin added to the uneasiness.

The European problem discussed goes beyond the dollar gap. It appears, indeed, that European consumers have taken with a vengeance at least one part of the oft-given North American advice to work harder and consume less as a means of closing the gap. The UN report states that citizens of Britain, France, Scandinavia, Germany, the Low Countries and Switzerland are eating less, smoking less, travelling less, drinking less, entertaining less and buying fewer clothes and household goods than they did last year. It was also noted that the drop in these categories was not nearly taken up by increased demand by governments for defence goods.

Even Western Germany, which is sometimes regarded as the white-haired boy as far as postwar recovery is concerned, is getting uneasy. A warning—and not the first by any means —in a leading newspaper sets the tone for business comment there.

"There is reason for some scepticism," the paper says, "about the future development of West German exports. Exports had reached their peak in the third quarter of 1951; ever since then they have remained stagnant on that comparatively high level. Moreover, one has to consider that prices were still increasing during that period, so that, in fact, the *volume* of exports has actually been shrinking . . .

". . . New export orders will be at lower prices and will lead, therefore, to lower export figures, not to mention the fact that orders are now more difficult to obtain . . ."

The British Treasury's "Bulletin for Industry" indicates that the drop in consumer buying power is likely to continue for months to come. Brittain's unemployment problem can be explained largely in terms of immobility of labor. Up to June the loss of manpower through unemployment in consumer-goods industries was

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European spokesmen ask for "trade not aid" as a solution to the problem, and it has been in consideration of this solution that negotiators have run up against a stone wall that apparently can't be climbed or circled: for at this point American—and Canadian — pressure groups betray their uncertainty and begin to worry vocally about surplus production, surplus labor, etc.

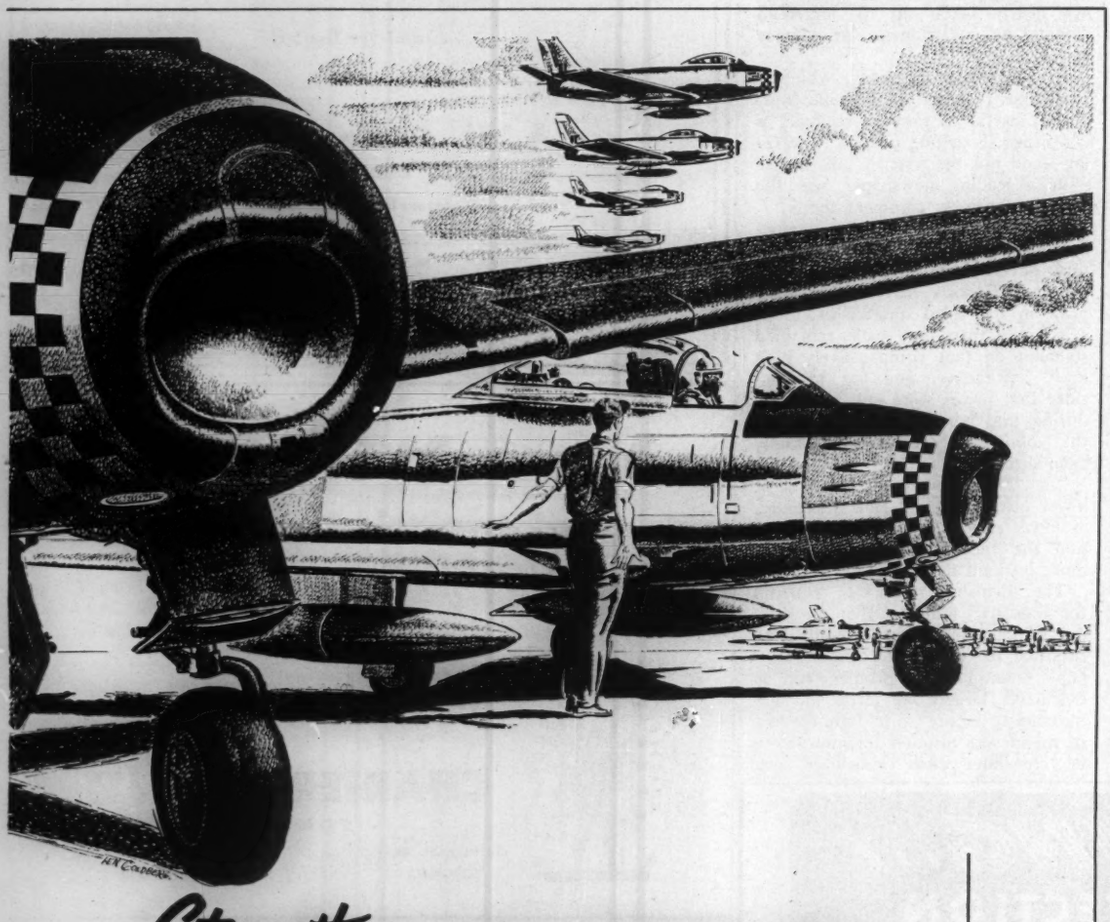
Already, in Canada, in spite of the employment opportunities offered by the great development program, the Government is receiving and has acted on, strong representations about the so-called danger of accepting immigrants while there is something less than full employment in Canada. The U.S. concern about surplus production is well known—it was showing up in the steel industry before the strike, and in both U.S. and Canada, Governments have become committed to expensive (for the taxpayer) price support programs.

At the moment there is little concern in the U.S. over the extremely high level of consumer credit: $21.5 billion — nearly double what it was two and a half years ago. Credit curbs are unthinkable in an election year and besides, the level of saving has slipped only two per cent during the period of increase in consumer credit. But a high level of credit outstanding today is a measure of satisfied consumer demand for tomorrow. Tomorrow's shopping can be done today when it is done out of income. And where almost incredibly good terms have been offered the on-the-cuff buyer to induce him to buy in spite of high prices, a great many of tomorrow's wants are being satisfied today. This will present marketing problems tomorrow similar to those that followed the over-stocking that began with the Korean War. It doesn't present a favorable atmosphere for negotiations aimed at reducing tariffs and raising quotas. For the immediate present, it's worth noting that this symptom has preceded slumps on this continent in the past.

ANY TEST of strength then will not be to decide whether prosperity in North America can have repercussions that will check the slump in Europe. The repercussions won't be strong enough, for North American business is already looking toward the levelling-off period, and U.S. business at any rate isn't inclined to encourage foreign competition for that period.

The test of strength so far as North American business is concerned is whether it can keep itself busy by meeting demands that originate within its own borders: in this respect Canadian business has an advantage over its U.S. counterpart. We have a frontier to develop and, given an immigration policy that isn't hamstrung by racial, religious, or economic pressure groups, a growing economy to use the products of that development. This isn't an insulator against recession everywhere else, but it's a good rubbery cushion to take up the shock and start a bounce back.

In addition, while "aid" may not be the solution for Europe, it's almost a necessity for the underdeveloped countries for both political and economic reasons. The Colombo Plan, and like programs that may be developed in the wake of more general realization of the interdependence of NATO's trade, defence and humanitarian objectives, offer great opportunities for Canadian industry—and substantial dividends, in terms of resistance to the spread of Communism, for the taxpayer as well.



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NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per share, plus an EXTRA FIVE CENTS per share, on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1952 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1952. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

JAMES STEWART,
General Manager

Toronto, 5th September 1952

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 249

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty Cents (30c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1952, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of November next, to shareholders of record of 30th September, 1952.

By order of the Board.

L. S. MACKERSY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 10th September, 1952.

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INSURANCE

Without Doctors

by R. L. Hoadley

TODAY more than half of all ordinary life insurance is issued without the bother of a medical examination. This change in life-insurance practice originated in Canada just 30 years ago.

The change came about through the difficulty of obtaining the services of medical examiners in remote areas of Canada. It was decided to skip the examination. American life concerns were amazed at such a radical departure from accepted practice, but as word of its success got around trade circles, the new idea was introduced in the U.S.

From this very small beginning, 5 million ordinary life policies will be purchased in the States this year without a compulsory examination. Ten years ago 1,300,000 policies were issued on a non-medical basis. Last year, according to the best estimates of the Life Insurance Institute, 20 million policies have been issued under a medical waiver.

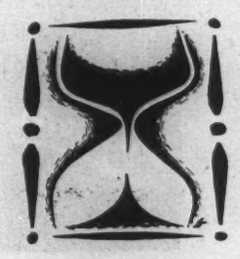
The Canadian companies discovered they could write non-medical policies without losing money. Mortality is higher among persons who have not been examined, but the losses occasioned by higher mortality rates are just about offset by the money saved on doctors' fees.

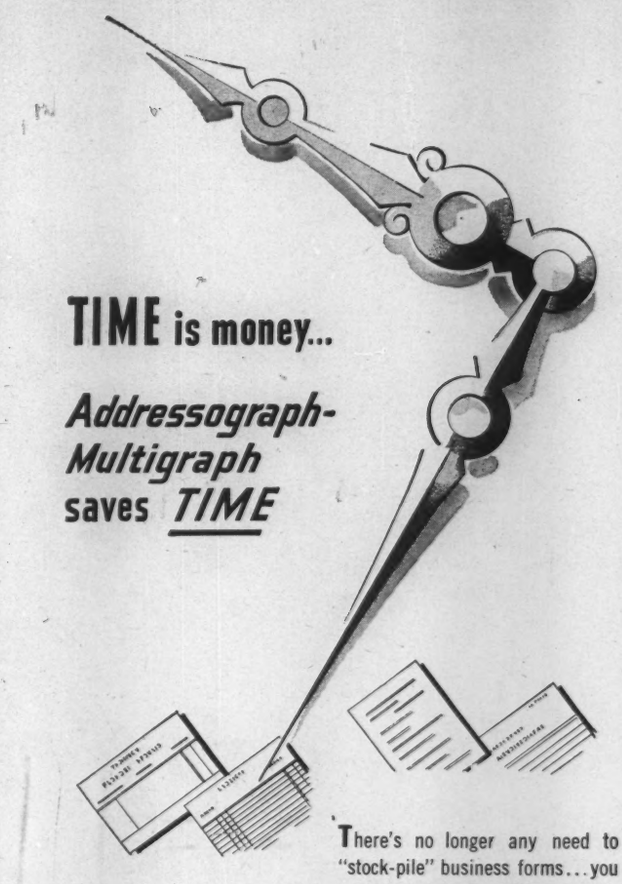
WHEN the idea was introduced, nothing over $1,000 was written without examination, and only persons between 20 and 45 were permitted to buy on this basis. Over the years as a result of satisfactory experience the age limits have been broadened and the limit extended to at least $5,000, and in some companies to $10,000.

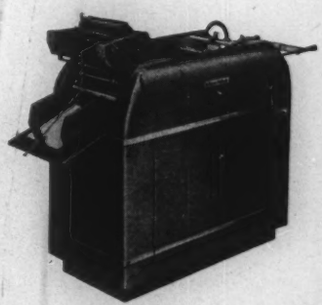
Persons insured without an examination are carefully checked before acceptance by a questionnaire which covers both family history and a health record of the individual. The company may request an examination if the medical history appears inadequate.

The 1952 purchases of ordinary life insurance without medical check will probably represent nearly $6 billion of protection. Purchases of the last five years on the non-medical plan amount to $20 billion of protection.

Because of the great increase in purchases in recent years, the number of persons given medical examinations has increased during the last decade even though it now represents a smaller percentage of the total.







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FILMS

What Money Can Buy

by Mary Lowrey Ross

TWENTY YEARS or so ago, when Hollywood turned out a picture called "Gold-Diggers of 42nd Street", it made the exciting discovery that money need be no object in screen musical production. The more you spent, the more likelihood there was of getting it all back, with a profit as handsome as the production itself.

So musical comedy production has become big business, with larger and larger budgets, involving bigger and bigger sets and more and more beautiful girls and exorbitant costumes. Like all big business, however, it has tended to become a serious matter for the investors. Most of the "light-hearted entertainment" turned out by the industry these days seems no more light-hearted than a big real-estate deal, with expenses and percentages, all on the grand scale, insistently in the background.

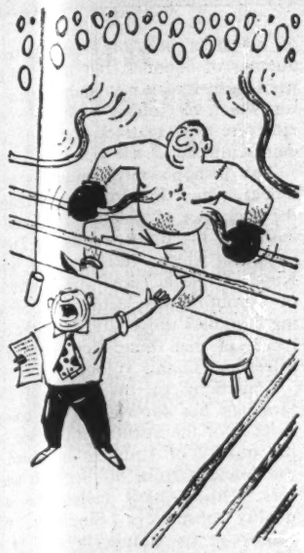
Gene Kelly productions ("On the Town", "An American in Paris") appear to be an exception to this rule. Gene Kelly can skip down a rainy street or tap through a crowd of admiring youngsters and make it look as though he and everyone else were having a wonderful time, with nobody's bank-roll involved. But the Kelly charm and sheer infectious enjoyment of show-business for its own sake is a rare element that can't be caught and budgeted—at any rate in a production that doesn't include Dancer Kelly.

"THE MERRY WIDOW", the latest large scale musical, looks overwhelmingly costly. But in spite of the dancing and the night-life at Maxim's and a pert performance by Una Merkle, the film is depressingly lacking in gaiety. Lana Turner is the star, and while Miss Turner is a very valuable property, she doesn't seem to be a girl of noticeable merry temperament. However, no one can deny that she looks attractive and dresses up beautifully. So does the old-fashioned Graustarkian theme on which the film is based. So does Fernando Lomas, who plays Prince Danilo and promises to be a valuable property too, with judicious development.

Everybody works hard, and the Merry Widow Waltz goes on and on, filling the screen with whirling tulle in every shade in the technicolor spectrum. But apart from the celebrated old Franz Lehar tunes, there is very little in it to remind old-timers of the gay days when the operetta was new, the story fresh, and the producer who could get Fritzi Scheff in the title role had nothing else to worry about.

THEODORE DREISER'S "Sister Carrie", one of the most controversial novels ever published in America, has now come safely and respectably into port, in a screen version which may leave you wondering what all the fuss was about. Directed by William Wyler, and dominated largely by Sir Lau-

"Wotta Man" by Gosh



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rence Olivier, "Carrie" avoids both the bumbling style and the sociological references of the original, and emerges in a smooth and polished form which its irascible author would probably be the first to disclaim.

"Sister Carrie" was bought by the movies a dozen years ago, and promptly put on the shelf. The dubious moral rating of its heroine was partly responsible for the long delay. Only partly, however. The heroine of Fanny Hurst's "Back Street" was, like Carrie, no better than she should have been from the point of view of the Production Code. But the Fanny Hurst heroine got safely by, while Sister Carrie continued to linger on the shelf.

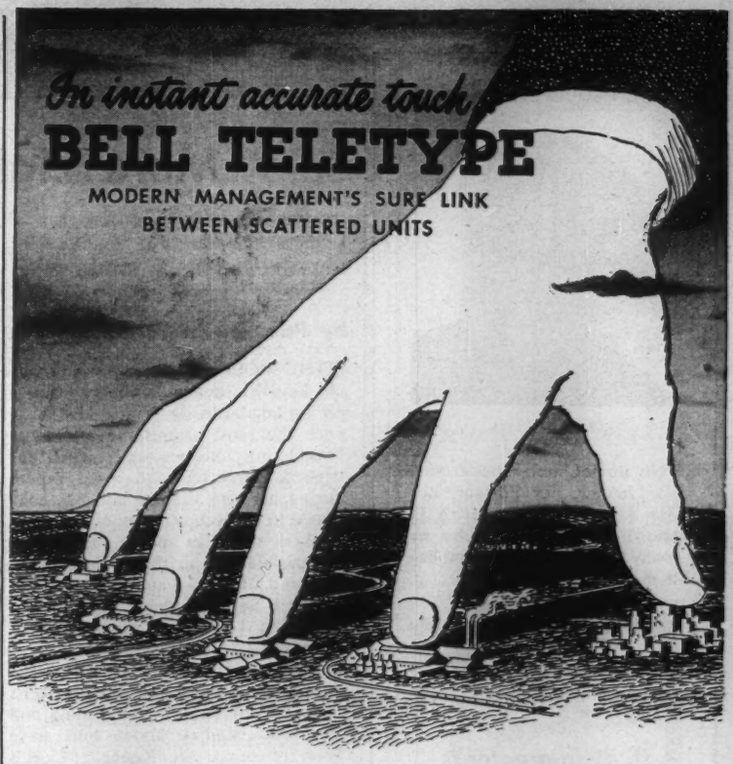
It seems probable that the producers were discouraged less by Heroine Carrie's moral turpitude than by Author Dreiser's unflinching gloom. Eventually the story fell into the hands of William Wyler, however, and in the present version Director Wyler manages to get round most of the difficulties. Carrie's pliancy and sweetness have been played up, and the bleaker aspect of her lover's downfall have been played down.

Dreiser made his George Hurstwood the victim, in part at least, of a ruthless society. The screen, working on the principle that sentiment is a more salable screen commodity than sociology, reveals him as a man ruined by a hopeless love. Olivier's performance, together with a knife-edged piece of acting by Miriam Hopkins as Mrs. Hurstwood, give "Carrie" a certain distinction. But the story as a whole owes little except its outline to Theodore Dreiser.

Carrie herself, as played by Jennifer Jones, presents the conventional-unconventional portrait of a nice country girl gone wrong in the big city. She does well enough with the role, but what she does is unimportant; for this is George Hurstwood's story rather than Sister Carrie's. Olivier makes a memorable figure of the hapless Hurstwood in his long decline from a high pitch of elegance as the manager of a stylish Chicago restaurant to the final stages of dishevelment as a Bowery bum looking for a handout. In fact, before the picture is over the Olivier Hurstwood comes to life so vividly and eloquently that it doesn't matter much whether its original conception was Sir Laurence's or Theodore Dreiser's.

"CAPTAIN PIRATE", a Sabatini yarn, presents the dauntless Captain Blood (Louis Hayward) in another blameless adventure on the high seas. Patricia Medina, a pretty brunette, assists him in his high-hearted but rather simple-minded goings-on.

■ Don Davis and Ted Fellows have gone over to Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, on invitation of director Peter Potter who was over here this summer directing The Straw Hat Players in Muskoka. One of the summer plays, Eliot's "The Cocktail Party", was brought in to Toronto last month and played at Hart House Theatre where Don and Ted, along with most of cast, had started their acting career.



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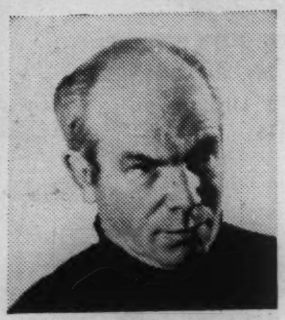

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by Ted Allan and Sydney Gordon

Dr. Norman Bethune was a Canadian, a humanitarian, a renowned surgeon. His biographers describe him as a man who "lived on many levels, had many careers and became the stormy petrel of some of the decisive happenings of our era." As a highly paid Montreal practitioner he was an outspoken advocate of socialized medicine. He took his great skill to the Spanish Civil War and later to China where he saved countless lives and lost his own.

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—Dr. Richard Brown,
Methodist Mission Hospital, Hankow

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BOOK REVIEWS

More Light on Leonardo

LEONARDO DA VINCI—by Kenneth Clark — *Macmillan—$7.50.*

LEONARDO DA VINCI—by Antonina Vallentin—*Macmillan—$7.00.*

by Paul Duval

THE MOST enterprising mind mankind has known probably belonged to Leonardo da Vinci. His is at once the most astonishing and most bewildering intellect—one which intrigued, perplexed and awed others during his own lifetime and has continued to preoccupy many of the great thinkers since. In recent years, such remarkable men in their own right as Sigmund Feud, Paul Valéry and Bernard Berenson have been drawn irresistibly by the "mystery" of Leonardo.

Now, as though to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the master's birth, two of the most interesting and important studies about him have been re-issued. Sir Kenneth Clark's study is, as he states in his opening sentence, "concerned with the development of Leonardo da Vinci as an artist". Miss Vallentin's biography is a remarkable re-creation of Leonardo's life, based mainly on the material of his notebooks and, in part, on the fabric of the author's circumstantial guesses and conclusions. Both volumes combine outstanding scholarship with a highly readable style.

In his study, Sir Kenneth Clark remains strictly within his self-appointed confines. He treats of Leonardo's evolution as painter-sculptor-designer from his earliest years as an apprentice of Verrocchio, and analyzes his individual masterpieces as lucidly as available evidence will allow. Having catalogued the great Royal Collection of da Vinci drawings at Windsor, Sir Kenneth is particularly at home in his discussion of Leonardo as a supreme draughtsman. Altogether this is the best single-volume study yet written in English about this tremendous creator as a painter.

Antonina Vallentin's "Leonardo" was hailed, on its first appearance in 1938, as one of the best biographies of this century. Re-reading of the new edition does not lessen the impression of the successful accomplishment of a monumental task of re-incarnating an age and its chief genius—for Leonardo, in his gifts and insights, was the stuff of pure genius. He was also perhaps the strangest man in history. He is often referred to as a self-centred materialist, yet almost everything about his life refutes it, both through his notebooks and what we know of his actions. Again and again, we find such passages of reflection as this: "There is no lack of ways and means of dividing and measuring these wretched days of ours, which we should not try to live in vain and squander . . . So that our poor passage through life shall not be in vain". And, in a moment of rare optimism, he could write: "He turns not back who is bound to a Star". In this respect, Miss Vallentin helps to make real the man who so often has been turned into a monstrous myth in the distorting mirror of the popular imagination.

From his own writings, one can only conclude that Leonardo's major conflict in life was that of all humanists down the ages. It is the same problem that faces the scholar, artist and scientist—particularly atomic—of today. He practised a creative attitude in the midst of destruction. He, too, faced the moral acrobatics of keeping one foot on the burro of practical immediacy and the other on the Pegasus of all men of vision—a world where men can find excitement without slaughter, sufficiency without glut, and peace without *ennui*.

It remains for a closer study to be made of the deep psychological conflicts which dogged Leonardo's days than that by Vallentin or even Freud. Like his "Great Bird" that never flew, Leonardo was constantly endeavoring to scale and realize heights which even his superhuman talents could not maintain. The struggle to reconcile day to day practicality and his visions of a better possible world disturbed Leonardo's life and must have been, in great part, responsible for those doubts, that warping of will, which kept him from carrying through the majority of his projects.

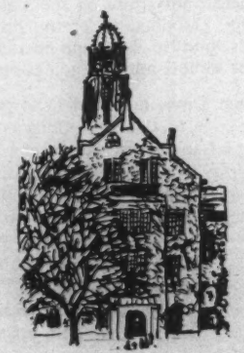
In the end, he retired to a visual world where people became but symbols of his special universe—portraits of an inaccessible race of men and women whose strangely knowing smiles bespeak a mysterious secret of contentment—perhaps, finally, Leonardo's own.

Spirit of Tolerance

A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE—edited by T. A. Reed—*University of Toronto Press—$3.50.*

by J. L. Charlesworth

JOHN STRACHAN, first Bishop of Toronto, is known by name to every student of Ontario's history, much of which he had a hand in making. In the course of making it he also made for himself a good number of admirers and at least an equal number of enemies; but much of his work was transitory, and the causes for which he fought with valor and craft are now matters of purely academic interest.



The Bishop's most enduring monument, which has vigorously resisted the processes of oblivion that tend to enshroud his other works, is Trinity College, which he founded when King's College (now the University of Toronto) was secularized, becoming a godless university. It is the centenary of that foundation that is now celebrated in this volume.

Something of the spirit of John Strachan has survived in his college. Friends of the institution can see in it the quality of firmness inherited by the founder from his Scottish ancestors. Others have called the same quality obstinacy. Similarly, what some see as simple loyalty to the Church of England, others have miscalled bigotry.

Yet the Bishop's own words in prescribing the desirable qualifications of the first Provost and two professors should disprove this charge. "We are anxious," he said, "that the three belong to neither extreme of the Church, but that they should be true sons of the Church of England, not low, or what is called evangelical, but equally distant from Romanism on the one hand and Dissent on the other."

The founder, in his unguarded moments, might have admitted that even Dissenters should also be numbered among God's creatures. At any rate, a spirit of tolerance began to manifest itself in later generations of Trinity men, for after more than half a century of independent existence, the college entered into federation with the University of Toronto. Toleration has been carried to the point of conferring honorary degrees on some Wycliffe men.

Such developments may have troubled the founder's rest, but most Trinity men will now admit that federation with the godless university has, on the whole, been good, and that the distinctive quality of Trinity has not been destroyed. Mr. Reed and his associates on the editorial committee deserve congratulations for their translation of this elusive quality into print. They have also produced a book that is a valuable contribution to Canadian history, in the making of which Trinity's graduates have had an important share, thus following in the footsteps of Bishop Strachan.

Reverse Negative

RED FLAG IN JAPAN—by Rodger Swearingen and Paul Langer—*Saunders—$6.75.*

by B. K. Sandwell

THIS BOOK will be a terrible shock to the Un-American Activities people and to all who have swallowed the propaganda that the Institute of Pacific Relations, under the auspices of whose Secretariat it has been pro

You Won't Soon Forget

DARK PASSIONS SUBDUE

by

Douglas Sanderson

Haunting, brilliant, disturbing is this study of homosexuality in process of development — this blast against a smug, self-righteous society. The setting: Montreal. The author: a new Canadian novelist of great promise. The book: a combustible mixture of passion, virtuosity and wit.

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duced, is a fellow-traveller organization or worse. It is, however, a very scientific and factual study of the operations of the Communists in Japan from 1920 onwards; and the odd thing about it is that its anti-Communist flavor is almost entirely due to the fact that it was written, and is being read, in the light of 1951-52. If the same record had appeared (shorn of the chapters dealing with recent years) in 1944, when the Mikado cult and the Thought Police were considered to be as much our enemies as the enemies of the Communists, every statement in it would have borne a different implication.

We are now good friends with the Mikado, even though he will not be represented at the Coronation, and we are not at all good friends with Joe Stalin, and by those two simple facts every color in the picture has been reversed, just like the negative and positive of a color photograph. No doubt we were foolish to regard the emissaries of Joe Stalin as fellow-workers for democracy, but the lesson we need to learn is not to insist that everybody who works with us must be a hundred-per-cent democrat. There aren't that many hundred-per-cent democrats in the world, and if it comes to that, are we really hundred-per-cent democrats ourselves?

The available information on Communism in Japan is enormous. All the records of the Secret Police became available after the surrender, and a great deal is also known about the communications between the Japanese Communists and Moscow since 1945. Until 1950 the Japanese Communist party was trying to remain legal and above-ground, and the decision to adopt a strong anti-American line, which was made under pressure from Moscow, caused a good many defections. In August of that year the Japanese government "upon SCAP recommendation" created a National Police Reserve of 70,000 to augment the existing law enforcement agencies.

Before it went underground the Communist party in Japan had over 100,000 registered members. The authors think that it cannot be suppressed by force alone, and that Japan must do better than in the past "in solving the pressing social and economic problems of the nation". Unfortunately Japan cannot do that without a good deal of intelligent assistance from other nations, chiefly in the form of acceptance of Japanese exports.

Untiring Minds

THE QUEST FOR UTOPIA—by Glenn Negley and J. Max Patrick—*Nelson*—$8.50.

by Carlton McNaught

SINCE THE WORD was coined by Sir Thomas More, Utopia (literally "nowhere") has come to signify a visionary and unworkable scheme for remoulding society nearer to the heart's desire. Actually, some of the Utopian dreams have had a highly practical outcome. And they have provided a fascinating literature.

This bulky volume enables one to follow Utopian ideas from classical to modern times, through generous excerpts and interpretative essays, with emphasis on works now beyond the reach of the ordinary reader.

Here are More's "Utopia", Campanella's "City of the Sun", Bacon's "New Atlantis", Cabet's "Icaria", as well as the more modern "Looking Backward" of Bellamy, "Caesar's Column" by "Ignatius Donnelly", Theodor Hertzka's "Freeland", H. G. Wells' "A Modern Utopia"—to mention only a few of the twenty-eight. Some of them are as exciting as the best modern "science fiction" or tales of exploration in real but little-known regions. But also one can trace in these glowing fantasies the evolution of ideas which are still the subject of debate among economists and political philosophers.

Increasingly, as time went on, the Utopians became concerned with the central problem of social and political organization—how to preserve individual values in the face of the centralized institutional structure which seems necessary to provide adequate living conditions. As Utopias progress from the ideal of small self-contained communities to visions of a universal society under modern industrialized conditions, like that of H. G. Wells, this problem becomes absorbing, and fear of the institutionalization of men has prompted such satires as those of Huxley and Orwell, as fear of mechanization prompted the earlier satire of Samuel Butler.

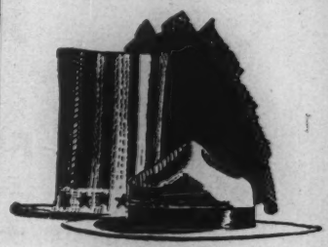
Unlike the political philosophers, the Utopians have projected their thinking in colorful accounts of imagined ideal societies. Thus, whether as entertaining fiction or as reflections of developing political and social thought, the Utopian writings make engrossing reading. The anthologists, one a professor of philosophy and the other a professor of English in American universities, have performed a real service to the general reader, as well as to the student of political ideas, in compiling this volume.

Writers & Writing

THE OTHER DAY we saw Morley Callaghan. He had a smile on his face. It made us think how gratifying to know he won the Governor-General's Medal for fiction this year — although none of these awards carry the monetary recognition that should go to people who spend years working on creative writing. Incidentally, Morley was the first writer to use the Don jail and underworld characters in his fiction—and the escape of four bank robbers, recently shows the hands of justice as vulnerable now as they were then.

In the twenties, however, when Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald were developing their unique approaches to writing, Callaghan, infant of the group, was, for a time, a serious worker in Paris too. During those years, we worked on papers in United States and Canada. Many of our young colleagues were working on novels in their limited spare time. Older writers were revered. Scott Fitzgerald exciting—especially as one of our papers was in his home town, St. Paul, Minnesota and his "Beautiful and Damned" school of fiction

New Books on Today's Timely Subjects



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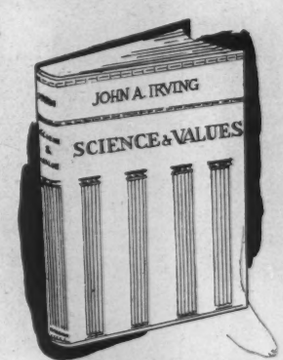
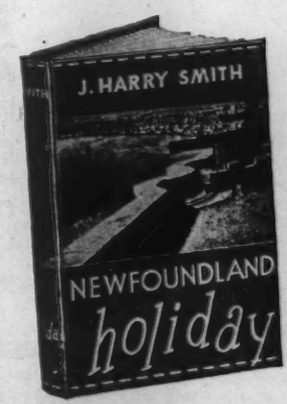


SCIENCE AND VALUES

By John A. Irving. A unique book on the role of value judgments in the social sciences, and the bearing of social philosophy upon social action. $3.50.



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was, to some extent, emulated. Some of these newspaper girls and boys had mild fiction successes. Some became editors, advertising writers, literary critics, radio commentators. Some stuck to the newspaper game and died young or made no money and had a lot of fun. None turned out that great North American novel although James Grey of Minneapolis came close to it. All were better writers and gained some satisfaction because they tried.

■ *'Twas Ever Thus Department.* Toronto, recently, established a centre with self-contained apartments for the aged. Is it significant that the oldest lady, 89, who opened the building, was presented with a washing machine? The oldest man? He got a gold-headed cane.

■ In our family, we have been reading Hemingway's "The Old Man And the Sea"—aloud—and that is the way it should be done. Those clear, lovely lines with the roll of the sea and earnestness, simplicity and faith of the old man put you in a mood.

■ Perhaps you have not thought of the Queen's Printers as a source of best sellers but actually they regularly outsell best-selling fiction published in Canada.

Books such as "The Massey Report", "Canada 1952", "The Canadian Army", "Canadian Woods", "The Far Distant Ships" and "Native Trees of Canada" have pleased so many Canadians that sales of Government publications to general public have jumped 60 per cent in past year. "Canada 1952" was sold out in advance orders before it came off the press.

New publications are two-volume "History of the Naval Service of Canada" and low-priced, short edition of "The British North America Act", geared to students and professors but, with Canadian and American publications, turning out "facts" about Canada with, sometimes, great lack of restraint or knowledge, it would be an excellent thing for all of us to do some cramming on this subject.

If you like to collect useless information that might turn out to be just the thing to get you on a TV panel of experts some day here is an item: "The Stenographer's Manual of Reference" and "History of the North-West Mounted Police", are consistently among the two fastest-moving volumes. (This we do not attempt to explain but we bet hundreds of people will be intrigued by the idea.)

The Queen's Printer is at present having the whole of Government publications classified by subject categories. When the catalogue is issued, people will have a guide not only to reference works but to popular books.

■ MARGARET CLAY, who has done so much to build up the library service in Victoria is retiring and already the community's appreciation is being expressed in the editorial pages. For years the chief librarian has been ducking compliments in Victoria. Now it looks as if she can no longer escape the consequences of long, warm-hearted service to her city.

—*Rica*

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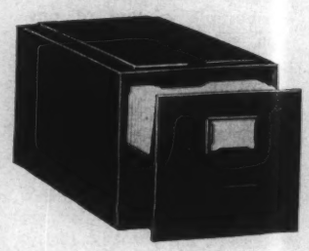

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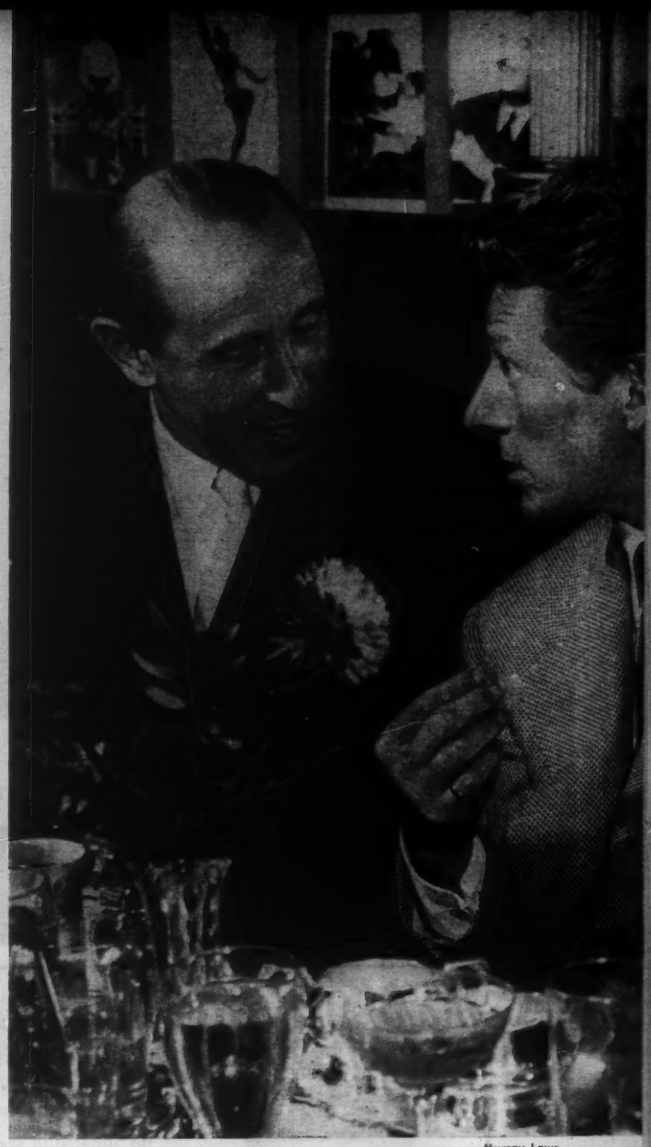
Specialty of the House —Stars and Good Food

by **Bernice Coffey**



—Murray Laws

OSCAR BERCELLER and friend: "Danny entertained everyone."

WE HAVE BEEN ASSURED times without number that if one waits long enough at the Cafe de la Paix all the world will pass by. For Torontonians a satisfactory alternative is Winston's where the world, or at least the small but energetic portion of it that gads about on its own or other people's affairs, comes to dine sooner or later.

Closest prototype in New York is probably the Stork Club for, like the Stork, those who go to Winston's are people of the theatre, by-liners and non-by-liners from newspapers and magazines, bankers, brokers and executives from the nearby canyon of Bay Street, people with either a talent for one of the arts or for making money, or those who enjoy their company. If at least some of the people at the tables in Winston's are unknown to you either personally or through the public prints, you've been leading a remarkably sheltered life.

And, again like the Stork and its Sherman Billingsley, Winston's is linked to a personality—a six-foot tall individual with charming Continental manners who looks the way one expects ambassadors to look, although they never do. Known to everyone as Oscar he signs his cheques Oscar Berceller.

OSCAR comes from Czechoslovakia where prior to World War II he owned the largest brush and broom factory in Europe. He employed 600 people, did business with English speaking countries all over the world "because wages paid in Czechoslovakia were very much lower than in the democratic English speaking countries. The day's wage of a man was only 22 cents."

But like many others, the Bercellers—Oscar and his wife, Cornelia—became alarmed by the widening Hitler menace and decided they must leave their country. They went to France, later "I took a map, made two lines and came to the place where they crossed — Toronto, Canada," says Oscar.

In Toronto, Oscar looked about him with an eye to the future. While doing so he could find no place in the city where the food and the atmosphere met his standards. In his philosophy eating ought not to be a dull, business-like ingesting of food in the quickest possible time, but a matter of good food and good wine served with grace and enjoyed at leisure in pleasant surroundings and company.

Oscar decided it was up to him to bring gracious dining, good wines, fine food to a city lacking in all three. He rented a shop with a lunch counter on King Street in the heart of Toronto's financial district. It was a section of the city which, except for the Royal Alexandra Theatre a block or so to the west, became dark and deserted after business hours.

The new establishment was named the Winston Grill because of Oscar's admiration for the percipience of Winston Churchill — the only man who warned the world of the storm that had uprooted the Bercellers and others like them. The new owner wrote to Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Churchill sent a message wishing him luck.

Hundreds of similar grills are to be found in Canada — eating places where the white marble-topped tables and long lunch counter have the clean, sterile air of an operating room. It was here that Oscar of the urbane manners, and his beautiful auburn-haired wife came to grips with Toronto and its eating habits. Duties were divided between the two. Cornelia was cook. Oscar was on duty behind the lunch counter, waiting on tables, washing dishes and, at night, after the door closed behind the last customer, scrubbing the floor.

But the business people who dropped in for a quick sandwich and a cup of coffee were in for some surprises. There were flowers on the cold white tables, the food from Cornelia's kitchen was different and good—and Oscar was at the door to greet them and show them to a table, and to inquire if they had enjoyed their meal and to send them on their way, slightly dazed, with a deep bow.

The Bercellers were too busy to attend night performances, but Oscar, a devotee of the theatre, seldom missed a Wednesday matinee at the Royal Alex. He also sent charming little notes to the stars and members of the casts inviting them to his place. One star replied that the only thing she wanted was a good steak, but refused to leave the theatre to get it. Oscar cooked a steak and ran with it sizzling along King Street to the theatre, en route doing some fast talking to an interested and suspicious gendarme.

Before long the show people began to drop into Winston's for an after-theatre meal, and to talk and relax after the performance. So, too, did critics and columnists such as the *Telegram's* Margaret Aitken, as well as theatre-goers who came to eat and remained to enjoy the fun. Stars such as Elissa Landi became friends of the Bercellers, and took a proprietary interest in their plans. The gallery of signed photographs of theatrical personalities extended the length of the room, and before long it was necessary to make a reservation for a table after the theatre.

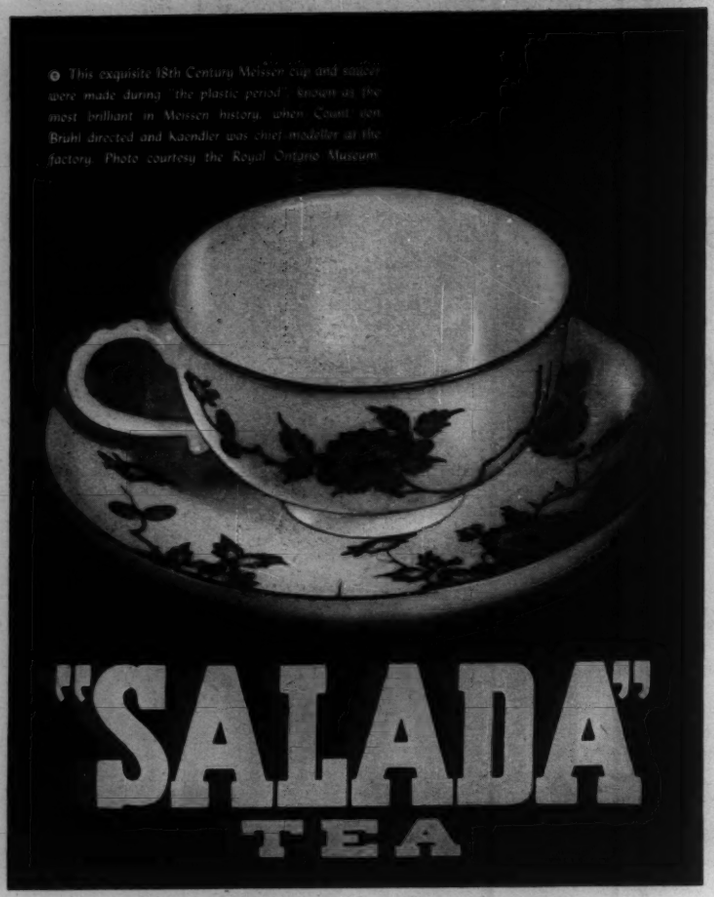
When "Carmen Jones" came to the Royal there were no matinees and Oscar, unable to see the show, spoke of his disappointment to a member of the company. That night after the show the entire cast went to Winston's and did "Carmen Jones" especially for Oscar. Winston's became almost a club, with an increasing number of friends of the management receiving keys to the front door.

Meanwhile Oscar planned the kind of place where he would like to play host to all the charming people—a gracious place with the atmosphere of a beautiful private home, with soft lights, rugs, pictures, good silver and china and thin crystal, fine food and wines, and well-trained soft-spoken people to serve them.

THE dream came true with the opening of Winston's as it is today. It includes not only the original location, but the one next door too, the two being thrown into one with half the lower wall remaining between. Small and elegant, it began a new era in the somewhat bleak annals of Toronto dining places with wall-to-wall broadloom, soft lights, concert grand piano, beautiful appointments and a corps of well-drilled young waitresses and waiters impeccably uniformed and wearing always immaculate white gloves "because," said Oscar, "hands should never touch plates". Deep raspberry red walls are background for a gallery of photographs of the theatrical great.

Favorite guests still receive keys to the door, but one key never out of Oscar's possession is the one to the wine cellar. Now and then connoisseurs like to accompany him belowstairs to gaze respectfully at the wines some of which date from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34


This exquisite 18th Century Meissen cup and saucer were made during the plastic period, known as the most brilliant in Meissen history, when Count von Brühl directed and Kaendler was chief modeller at the factory. Photo courtesy the Royal Ontario Museum
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CHILDREN

LOCK UP THOSE TABLETS

by Claire Halliday

IT WAS ALMOST 24 hours before the cause of Jeanie's sickness was discovered, and by that time she was a very sick little girl. It happened this way.

Early in the morning Jeanie cried out that she was sick. Rushing in, her mother found the child lying in her cot, pale and hot, her eyes open and the pupils feverishly large and bright, although she seemed stupid and drowsy. She vomited, and her breath had a peculiar odour. She had seemed perfectly well the night before. The three-year-old was rushed to the hospital where her temperature was found to be 101° and her breathing was slow and shallow. Her little abdomen was hard and bloated: she kept pressing on it with her hands, saying "hurts".

Jeanie had spent the evening before with her parents, and they denied that she had eaten anything out of the way. An acute infection and certain other conditions can produce these symptoms too, so that the doctors were puzzled until Jeanie's playmate told her mother that she had given Jeanie some white tablets when they were playing nurse the previous day. After that, Jeanie had eaten the remainder. The empty bottle was found in her doll carriage, and it was estimated that Jeanie had swallowed from 75 to 100 grains of a salicylate.

THIS ISN'T an isolated case. Despite repeated articles on this type of poisoning, accidents to children continue to occur. Practically every family keeps the tablets in the house and few drugs are used more commonly. During 1949 in the United States, 8,000 tons of salicylates were produced. Because it is in almost every medicine cabinet and is carried so conveniently in the purse, the drug has come to be considered harmless to anybody. But it is poorly tolerated in infants, and as medicine for the young it must be used with caution. It should be given only for relief of symptoms, and never continued over several days, unless under the doctor's supervision. Some children, of course, tolerate the drug better than others. Some mothers, not realizing the dangerous potentialities of salicylates for their children, have given them too high a dosage over too long a period. A five year old girl was given 18 grains a day for four days because she had a "chest cold and cough". Her temperature rose to 105°; she vomited, couldn't eat or drink anything, had pain in her abdomen and a peculiar breath odour. She was treated for salicylate poisoning and given penicillin for pneumonia. A little boy of six was given 85 grains within six days. By the sixth day his temperature was 105°, and he was vomiting reddish material.

But most babies are poisoned accidentally. The tablets are particularly tempting to little folks when they are made of methyl salicylate, which has a wintergreen flavor. A little boy of two years had his stomach washed out because he was found eating the tablets, and no signs of poisoning developed. Two months later, however, his grandmother found him with a bottle empty of tablets, although she "didn't think he had eaten any of the pills". His mother denied that he had swallowed any, but he was very ill on this occasion.

PARENTS are usually sincere in their statement that the baby has not eaten a salicylate because the symptoms of poisoning never occur for less than eight hours after the incidence, and frequently take much longer to appear. A mother and father denied any possibility that their two-year-old daughter could have swallowed the drug. Some hours later, however, when the child lay in a coma with extreme pallor and labored breathing, a baby-sitter confessed that the youngster had eaten the tablets the evening before.

What are the effects of salicylate overdosage on the baby's system? His brain, liver, and kidneys suffer most. The functions of eyes and ears are frequently disturbed. Sweating and vomiting drain the body of water and glycogen—carbohydrate drawn from the liver and other tissues. The kidneys are damaged; the body's alkalis are excreted and this produces a severe acid condition. The drug speeds up the metabolic rate and so raises the temperature. Injury to the liver prevents the vitamin K stores in the body from being made into a substance which enables the blood to clot properly. Hemorrhages may therefore occur.

If the empty bottle is found, or the baby is caught in the act and rushed to the hospital before the drug has been absorbed through the stomach and intestines, it can be washed out before it has poisoned the whole system. But 18 hours may have passed before the symptoms present themselves, and several hours more may elapse before the child is in the hospital and it is definitely known that a salicylate is the cause of his collapse. Once he is under medical care, certain tests may indicate its presence in the child's body.

The only safe procedure to follow is to use a salicylate in children only under the doctor's orders, never to increase the dose, nor continue it after the specified time. When a child or an adult is receiving the drug (in rheumatic fever treatment, for instance) he should be receiving plenty of nourishing food and liquids at the same time. As for the family supply of the tablets, it should be kept far out of reach of curious little hands that carry everything to the mouth.

PLASTIC SURGERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

ing in mind that it must be in proportion to the other features.

A good deal of current publicity to the contrary there is such a thing as too much bosom and it can cause more suffering than too little. The brassiere manufacturers have the problem of the underdeveloped breast pretty well fixed by now but they can't do anything about the woman with too much.

Such a woman is much too self conscious to appear in a bathing suit —to undress in a locker room—to wear an evening dress—and some have become practically hermits rather than go outdoors and be conspicuous. Operations have been done in Toronto where each breast weighed at least ten pounds. The operation from the patient's point of view is comparatively simple since it does not affect a vital organ, but it takes great skill on the part of the surgeon so the final appearance will be natural. Many women who have had such an operation find themselves leading normal social lives for the first time in years.

Replacing breasts is an even harder problem for the plastic surgeon but it has been done. Some women are born with only one breast and are self-conscious about getting married. Others have had them removed, often unnecessarily. One of the most famous breast-replacing operations, described in a medical journal showed what appeared to be a normal breast. After building up tissue the surgeon had made a nipple by grafting on the umbilicus which he turned inside out.

Thick lips can be thinned down, baggy eyelids tightened up, unsightly moles removed and general face contours improved.

Many people ask to have scars removed. They can be improved greatly, according to one doctor, and perhaps transferred to a part of the face where they will not be so noticeable, but it is impossible to cut into live tissue without leaving a scar.

For the most part patients are not overly self-conscious about their operations. If they are in the economic group of patients they may wish to keep it quiet because age is often a factor.

Some who have had extensive work done may not allow visitors in the hospital. They like to surprise their friends—not only with their pleasanter features but with their happier, healthier attitude to life in general.

BRAIN-TEASER

Filling-In Time

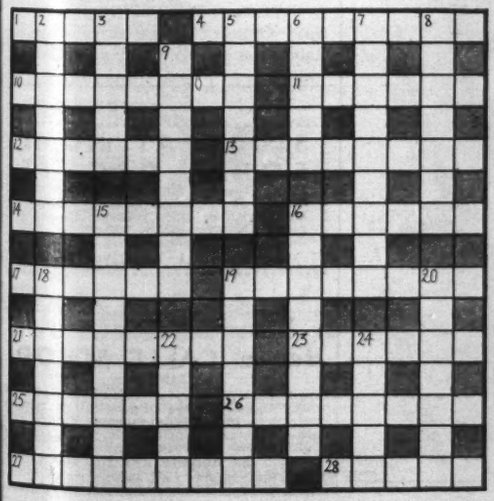
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Birds in wolf's clothing? (5)
4. See 28.
10. For 28, 4 these are pie — mixed with a crust! (8)
11. Those suffering from it may feel thankful for a prune in a stew at the "Y"— (6)
12. —and in France, get a kick from this brand at the "Y". (6)
13. It certainly is one to getting the best coal, perhaps. (8)
14. This enclosure may create a great deal of interest. (8)
16. A 23 idiot lodged in a secret institution. (6)
17. A turn-coat, on the day of victory, is in for a stretch. (6)
19. No ability, when not articled, as it were. (8)
21. Order that came to nothing in the last war? (8)
23. See 16 across. (6)
25. He answers all his own questions on the air. (6)
26. Doe's family? (8)
27. Mother in corsets? (9)
28. and 4. A Canadian painter makes a concession to an old nursery farmer, perhaps. (5, 9)

DOWN

2. River, or 'coon I find in S.A. (7)
3. In which those who have passed on converse? (5)
5. How to become a bachelor of science on a penny? (7)
6. Do pessimists become these from the start? (5)
7. Nonesuch like it, nor 23, perhaps. (9)
8. Her main interest was drawing sailors. (7)
9. It took a few pages to curb Hero. (8)
15. This grouse is as changeable as the weather. (9)
16. Carroll placed them before Kings. (8)
18. O Rachel, you're so infectious! (7)
19. One wouldn't expect to have the first part at night! (7)
20. It's a strain to sound this military order. (7)
22. 20 is out of it when rising. (5)
24. What the cockney might do to an artist's model? (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. See 28
8. Newton
9. See 28
10. Star
11. Eden
12 and 17. Force of gravity
14. See 23
16. Helicon
18. As usual
19. Presage
21. Twice
23 and 14. Down to earth
24. Bead
26. Disarmed
27. Philip
28. 1 across, 9. The bigger they come, the harder they fall

DOWN

1. Creations
2. Motor
3. Tangential
4. Esther
5. Abed
6. Daffodils
7. Relic
13. Near and far
15. Associate
17. See 12
20. Hot-dog
22. Wrist
24. Belch
25. Impi

(229)

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STARS AND GOOD FOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

1867, Rhine wines from the Bismark Estate, "Crown Jewel" of the great vintage year 1937, Tokay from Hungary, and fifty-year-old Armagnac, the "liqueur of gentlemen."

Favorite dish of those who go to Winston's? "Steaks," says Oscar. "Those who come here like to try everything, but the jewel of every meal is a really fine Canadian steak." Oscar recently spent two weeks in the kitchen of a New York restaurant famous for fine steaks where he learned a steak secret about which he is mysterious. He also evolved something new about which he is not mysterious—that of lightly buttering the steak with caviar.

But when Henry Ford lunched there recently he ordered Chicken Winston, and liked the fare so well he asked for and got the recipe. This is the recipe as Oscar gave it to Mr. Ford and to SATURDAY NIGHT's readers:

"Put the breast of a broiler (about 2 pounds) in a casserole. Sprinkle with a little brown sugar, then pour on a little black coffee. Cover with a layer of cream sauce. Now put on one or two slices of pineapple. Sprinkle with old Canadian red cheese —be sure it's red because it gives the dish color. Now put the casserole in the oven. That's all—except that a slow fire is highly important."

The guest book is an autographed "Who's Who" of the theatre and other professions. Of all the people who have come to Winston's though, Oscar considers Cornelia Otis Skinner the greatest connoisseur of food and wines.

Mr. Churchill has never been a guest there but his actress daughter, Sara Churchill, has no doubt carried a report of his namesake to her distinguished father. One night Oscar heard several voices urging someone to come in with them, and then a familiar voice protesting that she was not properly dressed. Oscar recognized the voice and immediately went out and escorted Miss Churchill, dressed in pullover and slacks, and her companions to the best table in the house. "For the rest of the week," says Oscar, "Winston's was her home."

Betty Hutton "the blonde bombshell" proved that her title is no phony so far as Winston's patrons are concerned. When she arrived for dinner Oscar signalled the pianist to play "There's No Business Like Show Business", whereupon Betty retired to the pint-sized foyer and organized a chorus. For the rest of the evening she entertained with a show that kept everyone rocking with laughter. As she was leaving she called back "Come again tomorrow. I'll be here and we'll have lots of fun." They did, too.

As for the explosive Tallulah Bankhead, she arrived with three other members of her cast, carrying a small box under her arm. Puzzled when they ordered roast beef for five, Oscar inquired if there had not been a mistake.

"Five beefsteaks," said Tallulah.

"Now beefsteak is a serious dish," said Oscar in recounting the story, "so I said, 'Perhaps Madame expects another friend?"

"I said *five* beefsteaks," Miss Bankhead replied in ominously measured tones.

Oscar shrugged his shoulders, and told the waiter to proceed. When the five portions arrived Tallulah extracted a small dog from the box she carried with her. The dog was to be given the extra portion.

"We considered how to serve it," says Oscar. "If we serve it on the table, the people at the next table are

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insulted. If we serve it on the floor the dog is insulted. So we serve it on the chair, and nobody is insulted."

Both Winston's and Oscar have come a long way from the grill with the white topped tables where he scrubbed the floor in the early hours of the morning. Today Oscar rises some time after midday, breakfasts on a dish of cereal and arrives down town about two o'clock ready to plunge into the business of the day before taking over as host and keeping a sharp eye on every detail and every person during the dinner and supper hours. Offers to finance a larger place have not been lacking, but Oscar says he will keep it small. He likes it that way.

Winston's opens and closes every night with its own theme song, "The Key" composed by Oscar. We are unable to pass judgment on the quality of his musical efforts, but he certainly seems to have created a key to first class dining in Toronto.

■ Among the Canadians honored by the St. John Hospital Order are Mrs. Ann Labatt of London, Ont., and Mrs. Hyacinth Willis O'Connor of Ottawa, as Dames of Grace; Ella Pearl Hopgood of Dartmouth, NS, and Mrs. Juliette P. Ramsey of Montreal, as Commander Sisters.

■ The Dominion Board of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Church of Canada has announced the appointment of Anne I. Ward as General Secretary. She is a graduate of University of Western Ontario and has her ATCM from the Royal Conservatory of Music; served some years as a missionary in West China, where she later became Dean of Women at West China Union University.

■ Saskatchewan is going to be well represented by acting talent in England. First, there's the talented Frances Hyland of Regina who has been starring in the West End; then June Faibish of Shaunavon has won a maintenance grant at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, for another year's study. And now Shirley Douglas, 18-year-old daughter of Premier T. C. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas, is attending the Royal Academy. Shirley won the best actress award at the Saskatchewan regional festival last year; was recommended for acceptance by Mary Ellen Burgess, Drama Representative of the Department of Education for Saskatchewan, and by the regional adjudicator. Mr. St. Denis, the final adjudicator and the then Director of the "Old Vic", auditioned her when the Regina play went on to the finals in Saint John, NB, and accepted her for the Academy.

■ A 1950 University of Manitoba graduate, Olga Pecheniuk, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Home Economics at Morehead State College, Kentucky. Last Spring she received her Master of Science from Iowa State College.

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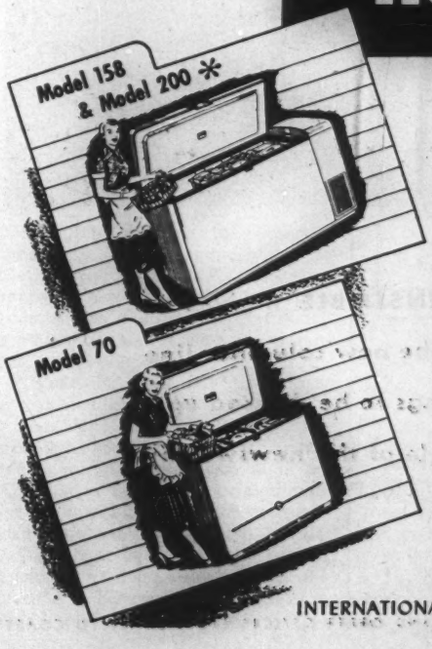

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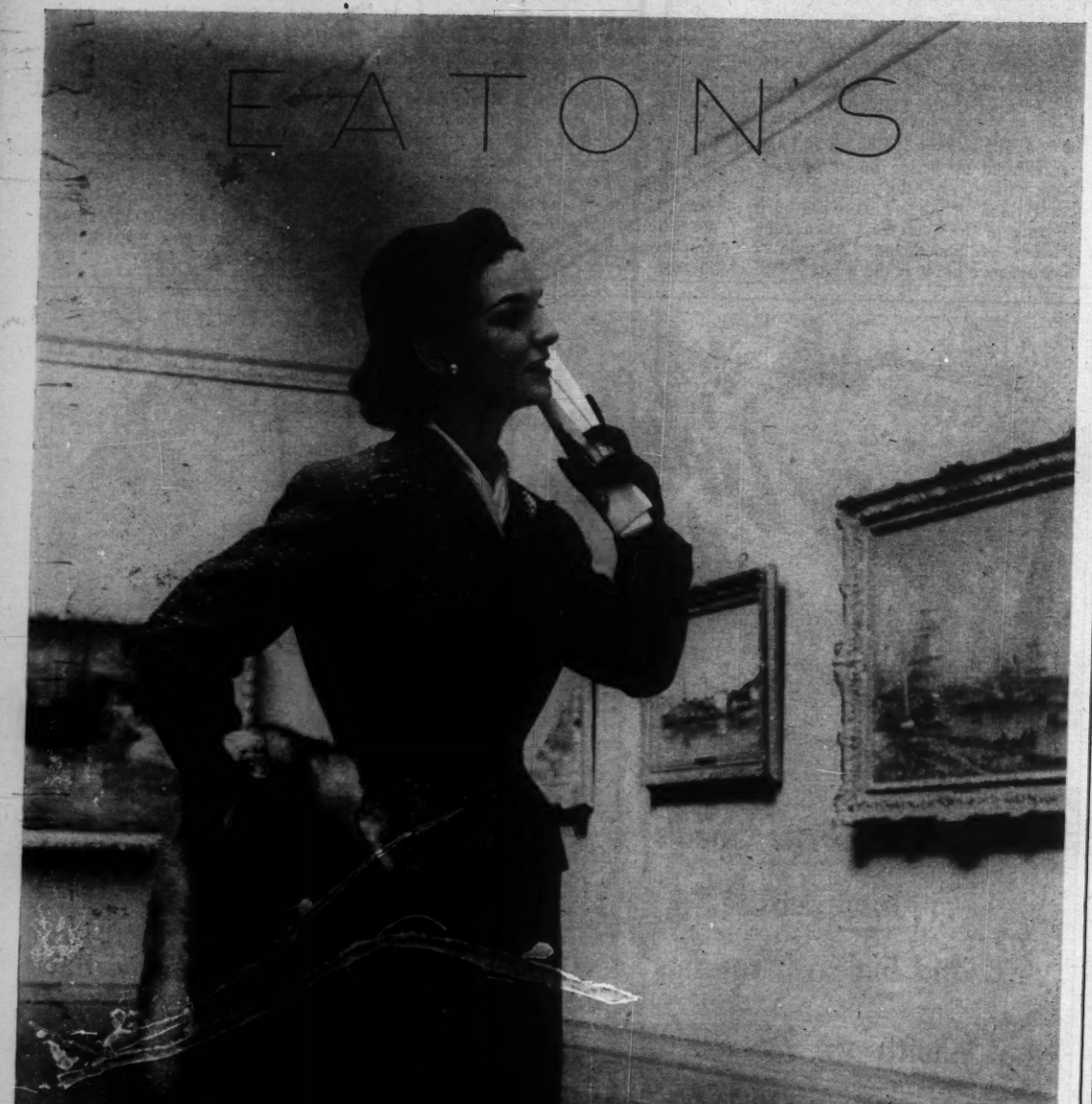

A change of fashion pace, THE WOOL ENSEMBLE. It gives the appearance of a well-designed suit in the new columnar line ... but under the jacket the dress that begs to be dressed up for late-day occasions. A lovely example of the newsworthy fashion collection now at Eaton's.

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BEAUTY

HAND WORK

by Isabel Morgan

LET'S LOOK at your hands. Hands are on parade every minute, so they should be kept looking at their best.

Be proud of your hands. Give them the care they deserve. Hand lotion, used after washing, keeps the skin soft and smooth. If hands are dry, massage a rich emollient into the skin at night. To apply the cream, massage it well into fingers and hands, as though you were putting on a pair of new kid gloves. This will do wonders for your hands and make them feel relaxed and graceful. Remove excess cream with tissue. If your hands are in really deplorable condition, do not remove the cream, put on thin cotton gloves and keep on over night.

Manicuring is a so-important "do". Why does a salon manicure last a week or more and a home-made job only three or four days? Here are the steps to a long-lasting manicure:

Begin by saturating a wad of cotton with polish-remover. Hold it against the nail for a long moment to remove all traces of polish. Then file each nail to uniform length and becoming shape. When nails are neatly filed, soak the fingertips in soapy water to soften cuticles; then cuticles can be pushed back evenly and need little or no clipping.

BEFORE the lacquer is applied, dab more polish remover onto the nail surface, so not a trace of stale polish remains. Then thinly and evenly, apply a coloress base, two coats of polish and a top coat in that order.

To guard against future chipping, when polish covers the whole surface of the nail, sweep your thumb in a quick circling movement around each nail tip while the third coat is still wet. This bevels off the color to reveal a hairline edge of white. The colorless fourth coat is painted underneath the nail tip as a sealer. To guarantee a smooth and professional effect, hands should remain inactive until lacquer is completely dry.

Use only the shades of polish that you know will be complexion-flattering. Rosy reds and deep pinks emphasize the clarity of the skin; burnished red-browns enrich a tan. Use the more delicate pinks on nails which are exceptionally tiny. Be wary of the red-black shades. Outline moons and tips to make appear their most feminine. For an illusion of length, use polish over the entire nail.

■ Quebec City has produced yet another Quebec Provincial Government scholarship winner. She's contralto Marguerite Paquet, a BMus from Laval University. She has appeared with the Montreal Opera Guild and on radio and the concert stage.

LIGHTER SIDE

Miss A and the General Council

by Mary Lowrey Ross

MY FRIEND Miss A. has been following closely the press reports of the General Conferences of the United Church of Canada. She still finds herself a little confused however, particularly on the issue of the Peace Congress and its Chairman, James Endicott.

"At least they agreed to a motion of non-concurrence," she said hopefully, as we sat down to lunch.

"That was non-concurrence with the motion to repudiate Endicott," I pointed out.

Miss A. looked bewildered. "Then what does that mean?" she asked. "Is the United Church Conference in favor of the activities of James Endicott, or isn't it?"

"It certainly isn't in favor of them," I said, "but it's in a rather difficult position."

"Nonsense," Miss A. said. "The Council should have come out with a clear and unequivocal statement disassociating itself from Endicott for good."

"So it did," I said, "but the situation is still rather complicated. I mean, it's rather like coming out with a clear and unequivocal statement disassociating yourself from a sheet of tanglefoot."

"It's largely a question of position," I went on. "For instance, right-thinking Republicans who disassociate themselves from McCarthyism put themselves too far to the left; and delegates to the General Conference who disassociate themselves from Endicottism and free speech may feel they are putting themselves too far to the right. I wouldn't touch that catsup if I were you, you know how it affects you, especially if you've been discussing Communism."

MISS A. hastily disassociated herself from the catsup bottle. "Then the best thing to do is ignore them," she said. "Deny them the publicity they crave. Refuse even to mention their names."

"Well they did call Mr. Endicott our local counterpart of the Red Dean of Canterbury, or you-know-who," I said, "and all that does is supply publicity for the Reverend Hewlett Johnson."

Miss A. sighed. "It's all terribly complicated, isn't it?" she said.

"It certainly is," I said. "Take the word 'peace', for instance. It is now just an ugly five-letter word that people are scared to use for fear of being picked up for using indecent language. Before long it will probably be censored, or else printed 'p——e'.

"And we call this a Christian age!" Miss A. said.

I agreed sadly. "I doubt if the word 'peace' would be acceptable even from the herald angels," I said. "We'd probably think it was propaganda."

Miss A. reached into her bag for a bottle of Bisodol tablets. "We'll just have to find a substitute," she said.

"Unfortunately there isn't any handy substitute." I said, "though I believe Secretary Mutchmor suggested St. Augustine's definition of order based on right relations between men."

"I suppose that would do," Miss A. said, a little doubtfully.

"Except that some of the delegates seemed inclined to disassociate themselves from St. Augustine," I said.

"THE WHOLE subject is very difficult and confusing," I went on. "It's hard to discuss a subject when someone else has made off with your frame of reference, and that's what the Soviet has done. It probably claims to have invented Peace, along with the wireless, the radio, the telephone and Lapta."

"What on earth is Lapta?" Miss A. said.

"Just an ugly five-letter word meaning baseball," I said.

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," she said crossly.

She finished her tea and stared gloomily into her empty cup. But after a time the Bisodol tablet took effect and she began to look more cheerful. "Well I must be off," she said. "We're having a meeting of the Anti-Pigeon League, and I am bringing in a report this afternoon asking the League to condemn the corrupting effect of American culture on Canada and the modern world."

I said it was a big subject. "Why not just stick to the corrupting effect of pigeons on the window sills of the City Hall?"

"Because we happen to be an intelligent group interested not only in local issues but in problems of modern life," Miss A. said with dignity.

"So is the General Council of the United Church," I said, "and it ran into a lot of trouble on the same issue. The Secretary brought in a report condemning the pride, paganism and profligacy of American power, but some of the delegates thought it sounded unneighborly so they substituted 'Our Peace'. Then someone else objected because *that* sounded as if the General Council were responsible for the pride, paganism and profligacy—"

"Well what about it?" Miss A. asked impatiently.

"Nothing," I said, "except you wouldn't want your report twisted round so that it sounded as if the Anti-Pigeon League were responsible for the corrupting influence of American culture on the modern world."

She left at that, in a good deal of a temper. I don't know whether she brought in her report or not. But I'm sure I spoiled her afternoon.

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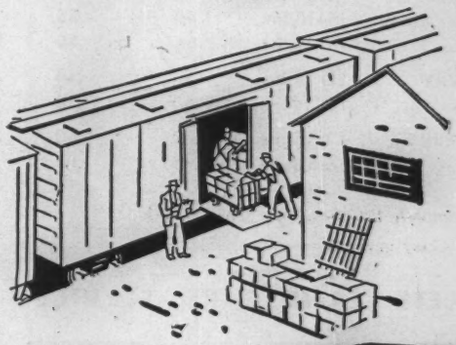

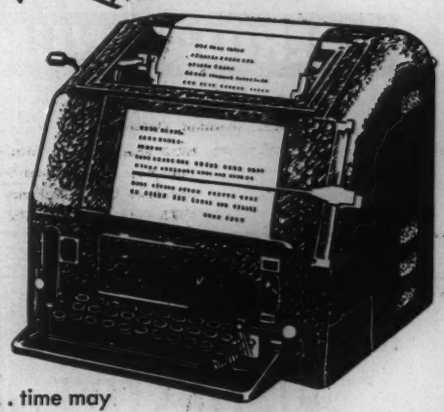

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RECORDS

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THE THREE-CORNERED HAT—*Manuel de Falla.* A tricky ballet score with orchestral flavorings in passion, color and comedy and a soprano interpolation. Historical fact: de Falla did it for dancer Diaghilev and Massine's choreography. Suzanne Danco is the soprano. Ernest Ansermet, conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, seems on extremely conversant terms with the composer's idiom, the ballet framework he built, and the orchestra's potentials. Recording: excellent. *(London—LL598.)*

SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN E MINOR—*Sibelius.* The Finnish composed was 34 when he wrote this symphony in 1899. His compositional powers were well matured, his imagination capable of thinking through the involved structure of a symphony on his own bold terms. Sibelius's facility in handling themes (especially warm ones) from their barest elements to their growth, ranging through each movement, calls forth the tonal powers of the entire orchestra (the London Symphony Orchestra), ably conducted by Anthony Collins. *(London—574.)*

MODERN JAZZ PIANO—A capsuled set of 8 piano jazz artists: Duke Ellington, Lennie Tristano, André Previn, Erroll Garner, Art Tatum, Beryl Booker, Mary Lou Williams, Oscar Peterson. It is hardly representative of the jazz that the title suggests. Boogie stylings predominate and excepting Tristano's wispy, Hindemith-like "Ghost of a Chance", the set, a Treasury of Immortal Performances reissue, present pedestrian interpretations of people who have recorded better. *(Victor—45 rpm—WPT40.)*

QUARTET IN F—*Ravel.* The debt that the French composer of this quartet owed Debussy and Borodin for the structural elements in it was amply repaid. Strict sonata form is observed in the first movement but liberal handling of the themes is uniquely Ravel. Then, in the second movement, the themes are Ravel *per se*, following Spanish dance suggestiveness that always appealed to him. The Paganini Quartet are smoothly integrated but keep a brilliant fluid, song-like quality always on top. Recording: excellent. *(Victor—LM146.)*

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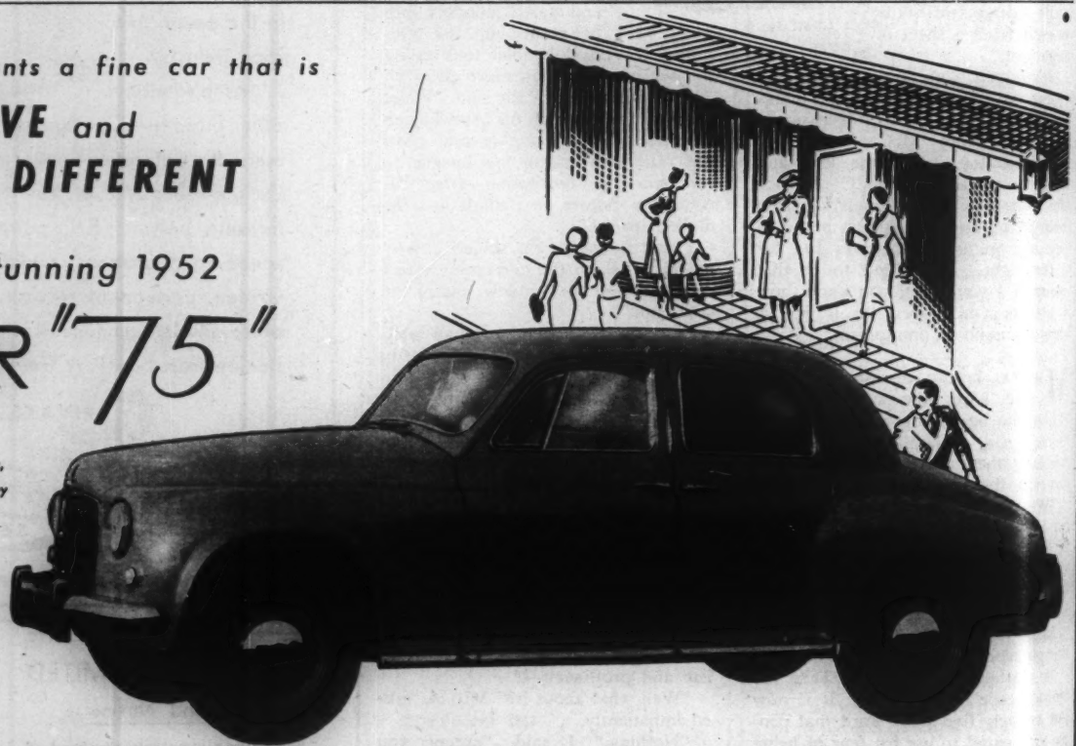

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